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on

Health and Living

by

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AMERICAN OSTEOPATHIC ASSOCIATION
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DEDICATED TO THE UNFETTERED
THINKER ASEARCH FOR TRUTH
ABOUT HEALTH AND LIVING

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FOREWORD

On an Egyptian tablet was inscribed a lament declaring that the earth is degenerate, the world coming to an end, youth a despair and—everybody wants to write a book.

This statement seems strangely modern, although it was made nearly six thousand years ago. Human nature remains the same.

However, when the urge is on, prose and verse are soon penned, type set, and plates cast. When these pages, ranging from angleworm to angel form, fly into their destined places between imprisoning boards, making — another book! just what are you going to do about it?

Only this, to venture that an output of wheat and chaff together—some of it written for and used in magazines, newspapers and addresses—may find readers generous enough to accept the wheat and forget the chaff.

Whatever the fortune, the author proffers grateful acknowledgment for the cordial coöperation from ingle-nook, office, print shop and bindery.

C.J.G.

To You

Strength for the task,

And mirth;

A growing mind,

And worth;

A ready hand,

A heart to understand,

And joy in God's good earth.

When Dawn Comes Over the Hills

WE sing about sunsets and paint their glories in a riot of colors, and even then there is always something left undone, something that eluded the poet's pen and the artist's brush.

But the dawn, when it comes and, in its majesty, climbs to the hill tops, or rises out of the sea, or begins to glorify meadows and cornfields, then pen and brush and bird-note halt and, in reverent awe, silently wait the birth of day.

It is easy to find the sunsets, but it takes courage and forethought and sacrifice to meet the dawn; yet dawn holds the key and guide book of the day. The dawn brings a generous outer armament and inner equipment—a spirit of poise, freshness and vigor that has no taint or dust of yesterdays. And withal a new birth of power, peace, and wisdom equal to any task or emergency that the new day may hold.

Then court the dawn, arise and go before it and out to meet it. Vision and fortitude will be yours and beauty and health with gaiety will crowd and crown the day, because you arose when dawn came over the hills.

Beauty

"BEAUTY is truth—truth beauty—that is all we know on earth or need to know," wrote Keats. Aristotle, Diogenes and other philosophers seemed to have similar views on this much explored, much discussed, and never tiring subject. It is easier to say what beauty is not than to explain what it is. Said Maud Adams, speaking of charm, which is just another expression of beauty—"Charm is that which, if a woman have, she has all—without it, though she have everything else, she has nothing."

Anyway we know it is something that comes forth like blossoms and cannot be donned like an Easter bonnet; neither can halls of learning or wealth or station alone yield it. Yet it is everywhere—in the dewdrop, in the dawn, in the babe in arms or the rich ripeness of years, in the stars of the heavens and at the doorway of the hovel, in the towering structure or in the delicately tinted rose.

It takes beauty to discover beauty. We must carry India with us if we are to bring back its treasures. To discover beauty we must in some way be possessed of it. The eternal springs must be deep within. Ruskin assures us there are potential sapphires and diamonds in the clay and mire of the streets. Beauty is something potentially perfect. It is symmetry, harmony, health, sanity, gentleness, love. "Beauty is truth—truth beauty," and that's enough.

Time to Live

"CALM, calm me more, nor let me die before I have begun to live," said Matthew Arnold.

We urge ourselves on to goals that too often become ashes in our hands. The finer faculties are not cultivated nor developed in the rush and stress of life. What most folks seem to be short of is time, and yet we have all the time in the world.

Time to breathe, time to eat, to exercise and rest, time to vacate and let go, to play to get a new grip.

Time to have that marvelous, much-abused living machine examined and looked after, adding to health, happiness and efficiency.

Time to register and vote and assume the responsibilities of loyal citizenship.

Time for home, for friends and little children. Time for lonely, troubled souls. Time for something besides us four and no more.

Time to clear our attics and eliminate the effete and obsolete from our brains.

Time to change our minds and seek new and richer fields.

Time to dig down through the commonplace to new and living springs of wealth, and find a thrill in the average day.

Time to consider a new idea or originate one of our own.

Time for the stars and the woods, the grass, the sandy beaches and the open road.

Time to think, time to dream.

Time for fun and fancy, time for what you dreamed you could do.

Time to discover and get excited over a George Inness, a William Keith masterpiece or a few rare lines like these from Browning:

> All the breath and the bloom of the year
> in the bag of one bee;
> All the wonder and wealth of the mine in
> the heart of one gem;
> In the core of one pearl all the shade and
> shine of the sea.

Time to think how a man and a mind came up by way of a saurian or a cell and through dumb ages struggled and grew until one day the infinite spark awoke and was able to catch and comprehend and express in three compact lines enough wonder and beauty and science to set a world thinking.

Then, time to think and be thankful that you too are one who had time to read those three Browning lines, commit them to memory and perhaps out under the starry heavens think out in some measure what it all means.

> To see a world in a grain of sand
> And a heaven in a wild flower.

Until man takes time and has the disposition to do some of these things he has not begun to live.

The Body Forces Fight For Us

OUR best friends are within—Nature's mighty forces are ever alert, thinking and acting for us. Within the body are manufactured the defensive and reparative factors that stand guard, fight for us and patch us up when we need it. They are always active—we would be in a bad way were this not true.

Even fever and pain and inflammation show us that these friends are busy on the job. Over night enemy germs arise, invade, attack, but these body police and armies of phagocytes are ready to battle, absorbing them, carrying them out of the system, or surrounding and imprisoning them to prevent a general invasion.

Some of our friends, the red corpuscles, are elaborated in the long bones, others in the spleen and other parts. By careful work these factories can be stimulated to increase the natural output. Professor M. A. Lane, a recognized scientist, determined by laboratory experiments, using series of rabbits and guinea pigs, that we can greatly stimulate the fighting powers of the body. This explains the favorable results that are gotten in pneumonia and other acute conditions.

There may be powers and possibilties in a great manufacturing plant to double and triple the output, but there must be an engineer or manager who knows and can direct to make it effective. Even so with the body forces within us.

Trend Toward Natural Methods

"THERE is nothing more helpless at the bedside of a very ill patient than a good chemist," said a recent medical writer.

Today we have a keener appreciation of simple, natural methods in diagnosis and treatment of disease. The value of the hand, the ear, the eye, in study, understanding and diagnosis of the most difficult cases, is being stressed. The sense of touch can interpret the time relations and the rhythmic cycle in hearts and is equal and sometimes better than the sphygmograph. Not that we would discard the laboratory and x-ray, but use them to check up our findings. As one heart and lung specialist declared, "I tune my ear every morning;" a doctor does well to tune all his senses, and especially the hand, to a finesse of technic that often is not approached by other methods.

It is coming back in fashion to study the whole man, to know his mind and body—more important than to know the disease.

Trailing the Fountain of Youth

ALL that a man hath will he give for his life, a fortune for health, a million dollars for a new stomach. Stomachs, kidneys, hearts, nerves—would we could carry about with us some spare parts and organs as we carry spare tires. And yet any of the organs or parts will outwear, outlast and outfunction any

mechanical machine ever invented, provided, of course, we give them proper care.

In fact, a recent scientific writer speaks of the body's essential tissue as being "potentially immortal." And when we note that in the Rockefeller Institute there is some heart tissue taken from a chicken that already has outlived several times the ordinary life of the fowl from which it came, does it not suggest that if human beings could be kept in a more normal condition as to food, exercise, sun, rest, temperature and a normal environment we, too, might be a long way on the road toward a state approaching "potential immortality" of the human body?

Burbank declared that from his study of men and plants the same development and improvement can be made in humans as in these plants which he has brought so close to perfection. We have not dreamed what forces lie within us, vast and unfathomed as the mighty sea.

It is a part of the scientific development of the present age—natural, reasonable, effective. Through conservation of life during infancy, twenty years have been added to the expectancy of life in the last sixty years. Humanity is on its way to better days.

Never mind the spare parts—heart, kidneys, stomach and nerves. The ones we have are good for at least one hundred years if we give them the right sort of consideration.

The kingdom of health is within. The Fountain of Youth may be at our very door.

Spring Tonic

"THROW physic to the dogs." But the dog doesn't need it. He knows enough to quit eating when sick, and when necessary he picks off a few extra blades of grass.

Eat your tonic with a fork—fresh green things from the garden. Buy your tonic by the pound, not by the bottle. Go to the greengrocer's for it.

When through Winter days folk are indoors, living on a generous diet, with little sun or exercise and slight chance for oxidation, livers become torpid and congested, elimination slows down and the blood gets laden with toxins.

"Everybody talks about the weather," said Mark Twain, "but nobody does anything about it." If the body is in a static state do something about it. Too many do nothing; or worse, they do the wrong thing and so tax their bodies with toxins, causing illness.

Fast a few days, with plenty of water and deep breathing, and sun and exercise, also a little series of bowel flushing; and then the right food. All this helps. Why depend on purges—or tonics so-called—to whip up burdened organs, when the body mechanism can be overhauled, getting liver, spleen, lungs, kidneys and all other parts cleared for better action, and of course not overlooking the spinal segments of the body which control all these parts.

That's the spring tonic or house cleaning everybody, old or young, needs at least once or twice a year.

Friendliness

"THE war was not over with me," said an American officer, "till a few years after the Armistice, when I was one day seated in the park on the German border. Here a tiny little child wandered over to me from her German parent and stood between my knees, one hand on each, and looked up into my face with an affable, confiding smile. I quit hating Germany from that moment."

Suppose we could some way syndicate the good will of all groups and all parties and creeds and races of all nations and begin disseminating a great friendliness in the world. Why not? It is hate and suspicion that kill and destroy body and mind, culture and business. It's good will and faith that build and fortify, create and beautify.

After listening to a scathing tirade by Charles Lamb against someone, a friend said to Lamb, "Charles, do you know this man?" "Oh, no!" said Lamb, "If I did, I couldn't hate him."

To know all is to forgive all.

As grown-ups, we are often slow with our friendliness. Why not let little children lead us? They forgive and forget so easily. They do not wait to know all before they bring to us their friendliness. The spirit of little children, the spirit of good will—this alone will disarm and save the world, and make it all beautiful without and within, and light the lamps of friendliness and forgiveness in the dark corners of all hearts the world over.

A Friendly City

THAT'S what we said after visiting a certain city recently. Of course, most any city has some such formalities it tenders to visitors and guests, but some way this busy, prosperous center caught the very heart of us in a way we shall never forget.

Friendliness is just about the biggest asset that any individual, institution or organization can possess. It will storm more forts, open more doors, widen more minds and build into more hearts than all the offensive, cold-steel measures ever thought of or put into operation. Friendliness warms; it breaks down inhibitions; it disarms and invites. The wonder is we do not use it more often, whether in the good will of nations, organizations, or the better understanding of individuals, and in nothing more wonderful and beautiful than a friendly city.

The Upkeep Is Less

BUSINESS concerns plan out budgets for the year. In this budget comes the upkeep of the vital factors in that organization; whether it be human beings, or machinery, they provide for the wear and tear, for accidents and other emergencies. Why then might not a well organized home be budgeted on a similar plan? Set aside so much for keeping the family fit, for avoiding the common colds, or other common ills, providing for the immediate and safest recovery, structural care and counsel. By so doing the upkeep will be less.

Natural Therapy

TIME is the acid test of ideas or men or institutions. Many a much-heralded scheme or therapeutic idea has been promoted only to drop into darkness like a skyrocket. But truth is not concerned with days or years or passing fancy, approval or censure. If the idea has Nature's sterling stamp upon it, it may lie long among the unknown, but soon or late the stone which the builders refused becomes a corner stone in the temple of truth.

Moses was doubtless the first great therapeutist, the first practical physician who showed an up-to-date understanding of life, health and its protection.

Hippocrates, father of medicine, who was declared to have "measured the greatest stride in progress since the ape set forth to become a man," broke away from tradition and taught the principles of rational mechanical methods of treatment of the ill.

So on down the centuries among the learned and also among the tribal peoples, some crude forms of natural or mechanical methods have been put to work only to slump into oblivion totally or partially, because no genius arose and had the vision and skill to recognize, organize and make practical these ideas.

Prejudice, ignorance and tradition have ever had a way of holding back the progress and development of new ideas until some day the hour, the need and the man arrive, meet, strike hands and in spite of every obstacle cut their way through. Courage and faith tied up with any real truth, in the end will prevail, and

a Harvey, a Hunter, a Pasteur or a Still stand out on the horizon and go down to other generations as benefactors of the race.

Dr. A. T. Still, a physician of the old school, conceived that the forces which make for life and health are within the body; that the body is a marvelous living machine, having within itself the defensive and reparative forces which, if kept in normal condition and adjustment, will be the chief factor in preventing disease and disorder, overcoming these enemies when they attack. He believed that the body kept structurally right would function normally. For eighteen years he patiently studied and practiced before venturing a new school—osteopathy.

Today the trend of the scientific world in laboratory findings and practice is strongly toward natural therapy.

Chicago

Star dust and coal dust, iron and gold;
Humanity's divinity, shaping the mold;
Canyoned and towered, dynamic, grim,
Beleaguered and denizened, black to the brim,
Fire-flaming furnace consuming the dross;
Cool, cleansing lake wind, brushing across;
Power and beauty crashing the sky;
A will to win and foes defy.
Sun, moon and stars fling deeply their rays;
'Tis Chicago, Black Diamond,
Set strong midst the ways.

Why California?

NATURE just made it that way and Nature usually has a reason. It seems that after nearly every continent, nation, state, and island had been planned there remained this strip of territory 750 miles on the southwest coast, so Nature just picked up a few extra Italys and Switzerlands and Alaskas and favorite tropical and other fertile pieces and flung them down on that section of the coast. Then just for good measure, threw in a generous assortment of lakes, peaks, geysers, big trees, waterfalls, and deserts, that have never been duplicated, and then turned a warm ocean current toward it and said: "Now see what you can do with these."

At once this happy land took up the creative challenge and there you have California, and she is still jubilantly on the job. A volcano still smokes, redwoods and sequoias still grow, and not long ago one of its chained-up glaciers got an inspiration, broke away, and began plowing out a new valley.

To cooperate with all this Nature began finding men and women to match her mountains and colorful valleys. A John Muir and Luther Burbank, a Starr King and David Starr Jordan, a Bret Harte, an Ina Coolbrith and Aurelia Reinhardt, Edwin Markham, Jack London and William Keith; these, with a host of other artists and artisans, began remaking daisies, building and rebuilding cities and schools and cultivating valleys, all of which made California, where living is a little better,

children grow a little taller, and the older folks live a little longer.

While most of our readers may be divided into two classes—those of us who have our homes in California, and those who hope to make their homes there—it does not after all make so much difference where you rear your little castle if there are Switzerlands and Italys and Yosemites and singing brooks and wild flowers with pieces of genial tropics in the heart. This is happily illustrated by a little poem which follows, written by Esther M. Clark, a Kansas girl, while in California:

Sweeter to me than the salt sea spray, the fragrance of summer rains;
Nearer my heart than the mighty hills are the wind-swept Kansas plains;
Dearer the sight of a shy wild rose by the roadside's dusty way,
Than all the splendor of poppy-fields ablaze in the month of May.
Gay as the bold poinsetta is, and the burden of pepper trees,
The sunflower, tawny and gold and brown is richer to me than these;
And rising ever above the sound of the hoarse, insistent sea
The voice of the prairie, calling, calling me.

The Baby

THERE should be more of him in our better homes, more babies in homes where there is intelligence and interest, not necessarily the rich homes alone. The baby has some rights we are bound to respect.

Great men have a way of being born in little farmhouses or villages, or in some by-street of a great city. But with rare exceptions there was intelligence and care there, and the little fellow had plenty of good natural food, lots of outdoors, with no coddling.

Nearly two million of these little lads and lassies come crying into these forty-eight states every year. Nearly two hundred thousand of these same babies do not make the first year goal. That's a better percentage than formerly.

A western state last year, through its legislature, set aside four million dollars for the special protection of wild life, and but two million for child life.

Besides the sun and outdoors, pure food and pure water should interest parents. Carelessly washed food and over-ripe fruit often carry poisons into the digestive tract and trouble is on. Plenty of water will help clean out this tract, together with treatment to stimulate the eliminative functions of the body, ease pain and normalize the circulation.

Every six months at least, little children should be given careful physical examination. See that adenoids are removed and other simple ills cleared away, always giving special attention to the falls and jolts which may predispose to ills. An examination in time saves.

Intestinal Stasis

THIS is the term the physician may use, or he may say constipation or obstipation. There are several forms. Spastic constipation is more apt to occur in high-strung, nervous individuals, the large colon becoming irritable from chronic inflammation and other disorders, "sheep stools" interchanging sometimes with diarrheal conditions.

Diverticulum is a term which, when applied to the intestinal tract, means a pouch or pocket leading off from the main tube. This condition occurs where the intestinal walls are weakened or thinned out from excessive distention, usually developing late in life, and often as a result of chronic constipation.

Kinks and adhesions result from auto-intoxication and inflammation, forming web-like bands which bind the intestines together. A few of these may have to be broken up by the surgeon, but if taken in time they can be avoided, or even freed, before they have become fixed.

A great share of the troubles of life is found in the intestinal tract. Predisposing conditions are usually in the spine, habits, posture and ways of eating. All of these can easily be corrected and there is no doubt that toxins and various poisons come from these intestinal conditions, and, carried by the blood and lymph, infect other parts of the body, possibly sinuses, tonsils, etc.

There should be at least two normal movements of the bowels each day. With the right sort of diet, exercise—some of it upside down exercise, which the physi-

cian can explain to you—and with spinal and other adjustments a good share of life's troubles and dangers could be avoided.

Enteroptosis is the falling down or sagging of the abdominal contents. By careful x-rays it has been proved that by clearing out the intestinal tract, proper food and careful manipulation of the bowel tract these conditions can be brought near to normal, which means normal functioning.

Walking on all fours, climbing up the wall feet first, with back to wall, taking the knee-elbow position before stool, breathing out forcibly and drawing in the abdomen at the same time—these and many other things that your physician will advise you will make for general health and save much trouble in days to come.

That Big Satisfying Meal

IF one could go off to a convenient place and be undisturbed, these generous meals that too many people gorge themselves with might be handled without loss or inconvenience. But if you have a race to run, a goal to make, a task to complete, it needs all the vitality, force of mind and muscle that you can command; then avoid overeating.

Especially at breakfast and luncheon eat circumspectly, otherwise you will have a fight on between stomach and brain in which the stomach is pretty sure to get the best of it!

Bettering the Breed

WHAT the best families of our country need is not more birth control, but more virility. More methods for building up vitality. Less sterility.

Osteopathic research laboratories and clinics are discovering and proving that structural derangement of the lower part of the back and hips are a positive factor in producing sterility. They have found in guinea pigs and rabbits that lesions in the spine affect the progeny, lessening vitality and shortening life. Correcting these lesions has resulted in normal progeny.

A like study of humans has given like data. Even where the lesions are not sufficient to cause sterility, ill effects in the progeny have been observed in such cases. Like any other complicated mechanism, there must be structural integrity if the body machine is to function normally.

Every child has a right to be well born—decently and properly. Even Roosevelt said, "I have never preached the imposition of excessive maternity on any woman."

But intelligent, healthy parentage, even moderately situated, has continued to give the world, often from larger families, our finest human asset.

Normal bodies usually produce normal offspring. Any number of cases have been reported where correction of lumbar vertebrae overcomes sterility. Healthy mothers and beautiful babies have been the result.

Lime Foods Build Good Teeth

OUT of 231,081 school children in New York City whose teeth were examined by Dr. T. Van Winkle, under the auspices of the department of health, 131,747 were found to have defective teeth. Of 10,500 children similarly inspected in Great Britain, 86 per cent were found to be suffering from the same cause. Statistics as a whole prove that of school children in the United States, only 5 per cent use tooth brush and a dentrifice regularly.

If sufficient bone-building material is eaten, the bones of the body take the first helping, the teeth get little.

Right sort of food and exercise will save and improve teeth that have started to decay.

Give your children foods that contain lime.

These foods are green vegetables, such as spinach, beet tops and salads, with milk and cottage cheese. Oatmeal and beans are also rich in calcium phosphate. All the vitamin rich foods are essential to good teeth, including butter, cream, egg yolk, whole wheat bread, peas, potatoes, lentils, oranges and tomatoes.

Besides this tooth building food give your boy and girl food hard to chew on. Crisp bread crusts, uncooked whole wheat foods for breakfast. A teaspoon of bran twice a day is an excellent thing and keeps a child chewing thoroughly, while it is good for the whole system. Don't give too much sugar and only a moderate amount of candy. Give the child a fresh apple or raw carrot to eat for his school luncheon when he cannot get to a tooth brush.

Miracles

THE woods were drear, dead, frozen things. On drab trees clung crumbling leaf tags forlornly telling the story of departed glory. But I waited, peering, listening. I searched in hidden places. I sounded depths—not the faintest voice or stir of life.

Suddenly upon a day, in passing through these self-same acres, a bird called to its mate and then burst forth a hallelujah chorus announcing a miracle of wonder—the wonder of lavender, and white, and pink, and green spotted hills and every common bush afire with life.

Pastures dead with yesterdays, o'ernight had changed to courtly coverings where gamboled frisky lambs, long-legged colts, and tender children with budding minds directing.

At my feet a tiny acorn had broken rocks asunder and seers declared that within its heart the story of a mighty oak was heard.

Something had happened. What was not, now is! Something had been moving on the face of the earth.

Bodies and minds disturbed, or listless from travails, incidents, and accidents—hope and life seemingly gone, and then—something happens. An environment is changed, an adjustment is made, a new spirit is imparted, and minds begin to clear, organs and limbs are resurgent with life. Miracles! Yes. Nature's Miracles. Nature unfettered, defends you, fights for you, repairs and heals. These are Nature's miracles, everyday miracles.

The Pioneer

CHANGE is the immutable law. Adaptability is the price of survival. Pain and poverty are spurs to creative effort. Recognizing these three postulates and governing himself accordingly, makes possible man's growth and development, makes for expansion and achievement of any institution or organization. Nature seldom duplicates. To live is to change. Lassitude and inertia spell disease. Action is the price living things must pay for the thrill of living.

The pioneer is always stepping out, venturing, daring, searching.

The pioneer—fearless, independent—thinks little about the perils before him, or the treachery that lurks behind him, the contumely that showers its missiles about him, or the buffalo skulls of tradition that clutter and impede the way. His eye pierces the wilderness, his mind visions a better land with happier environment, new implements and better living, with greater freedom and opportunity for that little soul in the saddle.

That little babe is his inspiration. That's where the pioneer's real concern centers. In it he sees all the hopes and dreams and wonder of the future, as he gallantly strides by the side of the mother of that future, who closely holds, nourishes, protects.

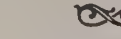
Such were Galileo, Galen, Harvey, Pasteur and Still.

Such is the pioneer. Like a voice in the wilderness —he struggles out of the dark ages. Brushing away the accumulated debris of tradition, he digs deep and

founds his ideas on the rock of scientific truth. On eternal rock, broad and deep as life itself, he lays the corner stone of future ages.

Born close to the earth was the pioneer. The color of red hills is in his veins, the vision of hilltops and wide plains. Studious, observing, comparing, searching, fighting his way through and up, this was the pioneer with heart of oak! This is the pioneer now; working, sacrificing, misunderstood, unrecognized, sometimes so far ahead of his day that he is hailed as radical, visionary, till we are ready to stone these prophets of better days.

Our children build their monuments.



To What End?

Stalking wind and laboring sea,
Stars and storms and homing bee,
Mountain peak and forest lore,
Bird and beast and open door.

Aeons dim and strange and fraught
With rending pain have slowly wrought
Man's development, till now
Our sensate souls responsive bow.

If not to cosmic friendliness our trend,
Then to what purpose—end?

Fight Disease Before It Reaches You

CLEANLY, hygienic measures save. Water, milk, all sorts of food—kept or made wholesome. Filth outside the body or inside the body endangers.

Build up the body defenses, not by drugs, but by keeping the body fit and fed with sun, air, exercise, rest, right mental attitude, and normal body mechanism.

Therefore, fight disease with intelligence. Fight it before it reaches you.

Fight it with knowledge.
Fight it with a structurally fit body.
Fight it with hygienic methods.
Fight it with wholesome environment.
Fight it with cheerful mind.
Fight it with courageous heart.
Fight it by a wisely fed body.
Fight it by normal posture.
Fight it by regular examination.
Fight it by correct breathing.
Fight it by proper exercise.
Fight it by proper rest.
Fight disease by forgetting all about it.

Fight it by thinking health—buoyant, abounding health.

Fight—keep on fighting and you'll win.

IT isn't what you do when you work that kills, but what you do when you don't work.

Play Square With Little Children

EYES have they that search the soul; hands that reach to all the world; arms that love you back to God.

And yet, men and women grown to maturity, allow, countenance and abet laws and lack of laws that make it possible in this land of freedom for little children to be worked early and late, until their vitality is depleted —life menaced and shortened. Because of stilted indifference, it is possible for big-bellied child exploiters to ride to wealth and places of power on the stooped shoulders of pale faced, narrow chested, little children who have no labor union to defend them, and too few friends to protest.

Investigation shows that disease, accidents and mortality are shockingly great among these children, and yet, for the sake of certain organized industries and well financed lobbies, little or no protection is offered in some states. But the penalty must be paid, not alone by these tender little victims and those directly in this child killing game, for it reaches and depletes the vitality of the nation.

Play square with the child. Have him looked over every six months and see how he fares; note how he is functioning; see if anything is askew. (Irregular things happen regularly with children.) Give him a chance for love and laughter; for life and health; for body and soul growth. He will pay you back a thousandfold.

Call Your Physician in Time

THERE is no specific drug or other remedy for pneumonia. Freeing the circulation, reducing the edema about nerve centers relieves the congestion and normalizes heart and lungs, works with nature and saves the situation; osteopathy is the specific treatment for pneumonia. Do not wait till this dread disease threatens. Check that cold at once—take a few days' absolute rest—fast, or at least cut down the eats—and get relief from that tired, exhausted feeling. These are not matters to trifle with.

But if pneumonia strikes, remember that the real defense is in the body itself. Wonderfully provisioned for every emergency, it calls for firsthand understanding and skill. Taken in time, this dread disease can often be aborted, stopped in its progress or lessened in its severity, with a termination leaving little or no sequellae or aftermath to endanger future days.

The heart can be protected and strengthened by work about the heart centers in the spine, gently raising the ribs, helping to relieve congested areas, making breathing easier. Stimulating the liver with its bile salts and other functions that master the pneumococci, stimulating the spleen, pancreas, suprarenals and other internal secreting organs, pepping up the blood's defensive and reparative forces, all help the body to recuperate.

It is the whole body that is concerned. Conserving the patient's strength, normalizing circulation, restricting food, observing, testing, easing conditions as they arise and doing everything that is indicated for the com-

fort and well-being of the patient—these all make for safety and speed and efficiency in the body's fight against this disease.

Teachers of Timeless Truths

SOME men speak to the ages, some to the fleeting hour.

Some chisel their thoughts on the eternal rocks of truth; others on the shifting sand.

Some men deal with the great realities, others with the fancies and fashions of the moment.

The immortal are the men who think through to the verities and express their thinking with the fire and force of conviction.

The Hand's Assuage of Pain

Childish falls, bumps and hurts,
Broken dolls and wayward spurts,
Thro' silent vigils, nights reveal,
Gentlest hands that soothe and heal.

Strong, fearless in the fight,
Bruised, beaten—body—mind in plight,
Again—hands with reach and skill
Find and ease the crucial ill.

Healing hands that sense and know
Heart's deep hurt, nor let it go
Unassuaged. Again to live!
Terrors fled! Hands—hands that give.

Scientific, Economic, Effective

THE industrial and insurance worlds are rapidly recognizing the economic value of more natural methods. Steel plants, railroads and factories all over the country are beginning to test out the practical value of preventive service among their employees. Insurance companies are acknowledging the benefits gained by this service.

The superintendent of an accident and health insurance company said to his men: "Our physicians have saved us not hundreds of dollars but hundreds of thousands because in cases of simple colds or flu or pneumonia, or accidents, we get them to the physician at once and most of them are soon back on the job and long illnesses with danger and complications are usually avoided."

The cost of full or part time services of the physician is of small consideration in comparison to the inefficiency or lost time of employees. The physician soon learns the innate causes of disability in any organization, checks unnecessary and potential hazards, fortifies employees of low vitality, corrects faulty habits of living, removes underlying causes of disability and in a very practical way reduces inefficiency and need of compensation.

Camaraderie

Distill into my waiting spirit, O Nature,
The strength of the hills,
The vigor and vision of peaks,
The humility of little hills.
Lend me the breadth and understanding of far-ranging plains,
The clarity and poise of deserts,
The winsomeness of summer zephyrs,
And the flame of smoking craters.
Impart the energy of storms,
The discipline of river canyons,
The coolness of snowy slopes,
The patience of mountain glaciers.
Let me sense
The aloneness of towering crags,
The upreach of stately pines,
And the peace of placid lakes.
Give me to feel
The eloquence of silent spaces,
The enchanting beauty of vale and glen,
The melodies of singing rivers and whispering trees.
Let me know the frivolity of loitering brooks,
The grandeur of arching skies,
The freedom and wholesomeness of untamed forests,
And through all the warm, fructifying virtues of the sun.
Give me the guidance of the eternal stars,
The brotherhood of shouldering cliffs,
The forethought and provisioning of Nature's wild darlings,
The gayety of dancing trees.
Find in me
The forgiveness and forgetfulness of passing seasons,

The kindness that hides and heals Nature's mishaps,
The dreams and prophecy of barren wastes.
Generate in me
The venture and daring of the eagle,
The assurance of granite rock,
The defiance of battling boulders.
In my spirit
The mercy of unfolding days that start anew,
The freedom of the wind,
The power of rushing waters.
Teach me the tolerance and good will of fruitful fields,
The sacrifice of eroding slopes,
And the research of the pioneer.
Let me know the richness of ore-bound rills,
The love of wild roses at twilight and wayside daisies,
The sense of friendliness among wild creatures.
Cultivate in me
The playfulness of tossing palms,
The kinship of seer, and babe, plainsman and angleworm.
Let me welcome
The cleansing rigor of summer storms,
The chastening agony of biting frosts and parching plains,
The lightning flash that stabs the spirit broad awake.
Let me feel the Fatherhood of the universe,
The camaraderie of earth and stars,
The sympathy of low-lying clouds,
The good humor of rain.
And when the day closes, the caressing arms of restful night—
Winging on into the dawning splendors of a new morn.

Conservation of Youth

THE real asset of any community or of the world is its children—the youth of the land. Let it flame if it will; better a thousand times that it flame than be smothered and dead. If youth is alive it will get somewhere. Though more alive, youth is no worse than its forebears. Its awareness of life and all its reach naturally give it greater opportunity for evil, but also for good; hence the responsibility of elders in helping to make the world safer for youth.

Youth cannot sit by; it must do something. Within it is dynamic power ready for release. A decade ago it was focused and harnessed to repel and overcome threatened world terror—and it won. The spirit of youth always wins and carries on to higher levels and greater achievement. Today our youth is just as ready and willing to bring its eager quivering forces to the great tasks of life. Our job is to hold up to them the great new inspiring objectives. Put youth busy on the job. Not censoring and hampering, but sympathetic guidance and direction, is what youth needs.

Fifteen years after the battle of Waterloo every garret in Paris was filled with some genius trying to work out something in keeping with his vision. Many of the products of those days are still to be seen in the architectural beauty and sculpture throughout that country

Organize youth back of big tasks, whether it be overcoming a crime wave or enriching a community with health and beauty. While so achieving, youth will work out its own salvation.

Don't Block the River

"TELL me the minute the blood stream is altered," said Still, "and I will tell you the minute disease begins." This statement was made nearly five decades ago, and the whole scientific world is just catching up with the great fact that slowed or disturbed circulation of the blood and lymph in the body means the beginning of trouble. Like all great truths it is so simple that a child can understand.

If a brook or a river is blocked in its course, we know what happens—debris gathers, the waters back up, and if the channel is not soon cleared, stagnation begins in some of the by-ways, or small pools, and then poisons gather and abnormal growths of all sorts begin.

It could not be otherwise whether in Nature's circulating channels of the body or elsewhere. The current of blood and lymph must be unimpeded, the channel must be clear, and the nerve control firm.

There is health when circulation is normal, disease when circulation is disturbed. Right environment, proper intake of foods and fluids, and above all, a normalized body mechanism make for health.

What Does It Cost You to Be Ill?

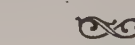
ON the authority of a New York state official, it would cost about one-seventh as much to keep well as it is now costing folks to get well, and then he adds, "Of course, a great many times they do not get well and cannot get well. Prevention is relatively

simple and easy and relatively certain, whereas cure is quite uncertain and very expensive."

Some time ago a patient was advised by his physician, whom he happened to meet on the street, to take some treatments for a cold that had been hanging on. "Oh," said the patient, "I'm too busy. I'll wear it out." A little later this same physician answered an emergency call to see this patient whom he found almost unconscious with pneumonia. Only by the special interest and skill of physician and nurse was his life saved.

A young woman was carrying a heavy burden of responsibility. She was becoming exceedingly tired and sleeping poorly, but she could not spare time to take care of herself. The result was a partial nervous breakdown from which it took weeks to recover.

Rest in bed with specific care given to these patients at the onset of the cold or in the case of nerve strain, with a bit of follow-up treatment, with counsel on diet, rest and sunshine, would have saved the day. It costs something to keep fit, but more to be ill.



WE are told that Steinmetz, after a long chat with Henry Ford, discussing electricity, transmission of power and radio, was asked the following question by Mr. Ford: "In the next fifty years, where do you think the greatest development will be made?" The answer was: "I think the greatest development will be made along spiritual lines—the greatest power in the development of mankind."

A Man Is as Old as His Joints

SOME men of eighty look fifty; others of middle age are already in the sere and yellow. You can be old at thirty or young at ninety.

The attitude of mind is one factor. What and how you eat is another. Keep the body erect and supple with a normal amount of activity, remembering that rest and recreation are just as important as exercise.

The thing is not to slump. Body joints that are not put through their normal range of motion continually or at least at regular periods will, like any other joint, become "rusty," lose their elasticity and after a while acquire a state of rigidity out of keeping with normal functioning. The lymph of the body must bathe every cell in the body if those cells which make up the whole body are to continue in health.

The second rib just a little out of line will cause shoulder trouble and neck trouble and, incidentally, eye trouble. Neuralgia and neuritis will begin on that side of the body and follow down the arm on that side. The thing to do is to have the rib adjusted, get the waste or debris removed and circulation normalized. When this is done throughout the body, you will begin to feel like thirty instead of eighty.

After all, just common mechanical sense applied to the body.

To Live

To sense the tangled thrills
Of a boy's wondering world,
To know the warm caress
Of mother love and sweetheart,
And the clinging arms of little children.
To hear the voice of rivers
And whispering trees,
And the eloquence of silent desert places
Where God is.
To know loss, heart hunger and misunderstanding
Without bitterness.
To value life above making a living,
To spring to the call with a will
Yet unswerved by passing clamors.

To stand quiet and unafraid
At the dark listening posts,
To "dig in", conscious the while
Of being a part of the Infinite destiny.
To "carry on" through hell and "over the top,"
To deal Freedom's foe a mortal thrust
And, dying—with a smile and a cheer
Fling the torch to ready hands—
This is to live.

Foot Features

IF we had to choose between lame feet and a homely face, most of us who have experience with one or both would surely choose the good feet.

For it is a fact that painful feet will soon ruin the best planned face and put two or three quirks in the disposition.

At a recent postgraduate gathering, no classes were more popular than those dealing with new and better ways of putting feet right—correcting fallen arches, bunions, finding and removing the causes of callouses, and with all finding the best sort of shoe to help keep these feet right after correction.

With all this, sets of foot exercise which help to overcome bad tendencies and hold the corrections made.

Trim Trilbies

NEXT to Easter bonnets, a woman's interest centers in her feet. Because of over interest, or rather misdirected interest, her feet have suffered enlarged joints, flattened arches, and what not. When an arch flattens, or a joint enlarges the foot is lengthened and broadened. Next to the hands, the feet are the most beautiful members of our body, or should be, if they haven't been abused. Trim trilbies can be kept trim by prophylactic treatment. And wayward trilbies can be shortened and narrowed by careful adjustment of bones and specific exercise.

Thy Judge

No book, nor man, nor creed
Can be thy judge or say
What thou should'st do and be,
Or tell the merit of thy thought and deed,
Thy conscience ease or fret.

Within thine own illumined mind
True judgment must thou find,
Nor seek, nor lean and little heed,
But trust the Infinite within.

Fulfilment

There is light for the eye,
Sound for the ear,
And love for the hunger of heart;

There is dew for the grass,
A lark for the sky,
And night has its stars athwart;

A sun and a flower,
The sands and the sea,
A crown for the crucial strife;

Then is there no realm
For the reach of the soul,
No fount for the thirst of a life?

A Calm Temperament Expectant of Good

THIS was President Eliot's philosophy of life. Read his little book, "The Happy Life," and you will better understand. He believed that all the good in the universe was on its way to meet him—and it did not fail him. Some years ago, after he was ninety, he was asked to tell the secret of his abiding strength, and the answer came:

"My secret is a sound constitution, never impaired by disease or accident, a calm temperament expectant of good, the habit of taking daily exercise in the open air, moderation in eating and a slight and never steady use of stimulants like tea, coffee, alcohol and tobacco. Tobacco I have never used at all except on rare occasions between 1854 and 1858. I have used tea most because it seems to facilitate the mental effort of writing or speaking.

For years President Eliot was considered the first citizen of this country—exemplifying in every particular the ripe, finished product America holds up to the world. Called to the presidency of Harvard as a young man, he completely revolutionized the professional schools, "turning the place over like a flapjack," as Oliver Wendell Holmes put it. He believed in individualism, holding that "uniformity is the curse of American schools." His final message to young people was, "Don't think too much about yourself. When all you can think about is yourself you are in a bad way." Moderation, exercise, outdoors, calmness, good expectancy and mental activity with unselfishness will work wonders for any one.

Liberalize

"GIVE me liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely according to my conscience, above all other liberties," said Milton.

Anything less will surely dam the springs of inspiration. Narrowness and bigotry, with a manifest tendency to unreasonable domination, are sure signs of autocracy and beginning of decadent old age.

Injustice to a single living soul has no place under our flag or in any organization. Too few have the intelligence or mental health to use delegated power without abuse. While general rules and a certain amount of regulation are always necessary, yet Milton's declaration must ever obtain or worse than failure is on the way.

Exacting the last pound of flesh thwarts the intent and purpose. And yet we blindly blunder on.

Men and institutions were not made to be cut, pulled, jammed or reformed into some set of man-made regulations. Yet these same men and plants are capable of marvelous education and training. They will respond to warm, kindly, intelligent technic.

The mightiest powers are the gentlest.

Wasn't it Swedenborg who declared there was a place in Hades altogether given over to people who spent their time on earth trying to reform each other?

Better a Quickening Thorn Than Dreamy Shadow

LET him who has a vision or a message speak in season, or out of season. And let it not be something too smooth and soothing, for, as Bernard Shaw puts it, "You may as well not say it at all, if you do not say it in an irritating way." There must be hooks and points if it is to grip and penetrate. Better to be shocked and irritated into consciousness than never awake.

The man who is awake isn't content with his father's plow, nor yesterday's fruit and gardens, nor past methods of healing or thinking. Progress is America's watchword. It is contentment's sure star.

More Burbanks working with nature, more Edisons in mechanics, more Fords in business, more Glenn Franks in education, more A. T. Stills in medicine, more Fosdicks in religion, more MacDonalds, Hoovers and Dawes in government positions.

Yesterday's response won't meet today's opportunities. These men achieve, stir, challenge and sometimes irritate, but they make us think, and thinking is the one distinctive, hopeful attribute of man.

Wild-minded fanaticism gets nowhere, but the so-called "heretics and irregulars," unbound by precedent and tradition,—these are often the men who by search and research give and build and fortify in the progress and evolution of mankind.

Give Him the Once Over and Let Him Browse

IF THE child isn't doing well in school or isn't happy, or comes home exhausted, take him out and keep him out till you learn what is wrong. Childhood is normally happy and perhaps all he needs is to browse about in green pastures like any other colt of his age, or it may be that there is some little matter that needs correcting. Be sure to have a most thorough physical examination. Children should be gone over at least every six months. Oftentimes a fall will cause a strain or slip that is the beginning of trouble.

DOES your child sleep well?

Keep fairly near average weight?

Adapt himself or herself readily to climate?

Normal posture?

Steady appetite?

Display fairly good vigor, eager to play and do things?

Have normal and regular elimination?

Seldom or ever complain of the body, being usually unconscious of it?

Yes? Then you may feel that, in general, he must be a normal and typically healthy child.

Even so, it is good to have him checked up every six months.

Epictetus

"RISE, wrestle again 'till thy strength come to thee."

When we turn to Plato or any of those giants of the past, we stop and wonder at how little wiser we are in our thinking and acting now than in centuries gone. Are we losing too much the fine art of thinking?

"If you are told that such an one speaks ill of you, make no defense against what was said, but answer, 'He surely knew not my other faults, else he would not have mentioned these only.' "

So spoke Epictetus, born about the middle of the first century, A. D. Harvard Classics rightly say, "Few teachers of morals in any age are so bracing and invigorating; and the tonic quality of his utterances has been recognized ever since his own day, by pagan and Christian alike."

New thought that has value is often old thought reclothed, seldom better clothed.

"Now can no evil happen unto me; for me there is no robber; for me no earthquake; all things are full of peace, full of tranquillity, neither highway nor city nor gathering of men; neither neighbor nor comrade can do me harm.

"There is no Hades, no fabled rivers of Sighs and Lamentations, nor of Fire, but all things are full of beings, spiritual and divine. With thoughts like these beholding the sun, moon and stars, enjoying earth and sea, a man is neither helpless nor alone.

"Learn what the wrestling masters do. Has the boy fallen? 'Rise,' they say, 'Wrestle again, 'till thy

strength come to thee.' There is nothing more tractable than the human soul. It needs but to will and the thing is done.

"It is the critical moment that shows the man. So when the crisis is upon you, remember that God, like a trainer of wrestlers has matched you with a rough and stalwart antagonist. 'To what end?' you ask. That you may prove the victor at the great games. Yet without toil and sweat this may not be!"

Could a modern write better health philosophy? 'Tis the attitude of mind that makes the body rich, and structural integrity back of mind and body insures defense against disease and despair.

Those Unspanked Parents

THE New York World recently made the following statement: "There are exceptions, of course, but in the study of juvenile criminals, sociologists and psychologists will make more progress by studying the young criminals less and their parents more."

These parents may not be criminal but if they disregard the law or as Lincoln said, "willfully tolerate such violation it is to trample on the blood of the fathers and tear the characters of their own and their children's liberties."

In no country on the face of the earth is life so rich or opportunity so great as in these United States. Can we afford by selfishness or carelessness to endanger the future?

The Unco Guid

DO you ever consider what a lot of harm some so-called very good folks do in this world, and further, that nearly all evolution of ideas and all progress in the world come because individual souls break away from beaten paths and push through narrowing walls into greater fields of truth, against the approval of these same good folk—folk without a sense of humor or perspective? Not infrequently "good people" are found standing in the way of progress and even of truth itself.

Traditions and established hypocrisy and unyielding dogmas may so bind the very soul and mind of man as to blind him to the better way and make him a veritable instrument for dealing death blows to honest aspirations and blocking the way for signal geniuses who are struggling for light and freedom. "Then gently scan your fellow man"—the greater mote may be in our own eyes. The "sinners" we are damning are often angels in comparison.

"Not souls severely white, but groping for more light, is what eternal justice now demands." Some of these dear countrymen would legislate and standardize old and young until bodies and souls conform to preformed moulds—sans life, sans power, sans creative genius.

He may not often please, but it is the fearless, undaunted thinker who lights the way. It is the Harveys, the Lincolns, the Stills and the Lindberghs, the Hoovers and the MacDonalds, who insist on breaking from red tape regulation, schedules and routine and forg-

ing ahead without waiting for orders. This is the spirit that turns the wheels of progress—it is the precedent-breaker, the nonconformist who brings the world on its way.

Take a little time and note in the history of the world some of the best things that have been discovered, originated and made of practical everyday use. They all came because somebody observed and thought or did something outside the old school, outside of regulations laid down by perfectly good folk. Many of these pioneers were made to feel sharply, not only disapproval, but the poignant penalties of daring to escape from the mind of the mob.

Sloughs of banality and soft-slippered ease never fire the imagination nor lead into undiscovered creative fields.

Lymph stasis or any interference with the circulation of vital fluids of the body mean disease and often cancer. Stagnation of thought means intellectual death. Where there is freedom of thought, freedom of circulation in the brain and in all parts of the body, there is life and health. With freedom of action within and without, matters will soon clear and adjust themselves. Man and the world are still only in the making. God is not through with the job, the last word has not been said about anything. Formulas, dogmas and policies are only scaffolding or signboards, made for the passing hour, to be cast away for better ones. Who knows just where eternal truth may lead?

Doctors, Parents, Teachers May Fail —Not the Child

FAILURE is not with these little people. The child may not fit itself into a prescribed regime of short-sighted curriculum-makers—doctors and parents may overlook or neglect, but Nature and the child know what they want, what they need. Teachers, earnest and aspiring as most of them are, have difficulty still in seeing beyond grades, outward discipline, promotions and graduations.

Sometimes they get pretty much discouraged with these little Fords and Edisons, marking "slow," "failed" or "stupid" on the report cards of Nature's unfolding artists, poets and world benefactors.

Recognize the handicaps of children, study their ways. Most defects of body and mind can be corrected. All children have qualities out of which may be fashioned perfect loveliness.

Thomas Chalmers was expelled by one schoolmaster as an incorrigible who did nothing but fight and play football.

Russel Conwell was another incorrigible, one whom an understanding teacher drew to her side and, as he said, "fought for my soul and won."

What are parents, teachers and doctors for if not to patiently study, understand and cooperate with Nature's little children and help them fight their way up.

Put these little people physically right, structurally normal, and behold how they bloom like flowers in watered, sun-kissed gardens.

Yosemite

I stood before El Capitan
And tried to scan its dizzy heights;
I watched the mighty waters fall
In thunderous echoing rage
Till like a cloudy mist it poured
A thousand spans below.
I tried to see and comprehend
Its wondrous beauty—power;
It held me there in rapturous gaze,
My ears, my eyes, my heart enthralled
In dumb and wordless praise.
It grew upon my ravished mind,
It filled—and overflowed,
I felt like one insatiate
With more than could be told,
Or like to one who tried to feast
With gods beyond his ken.

I turned and slowly took my way.
I need those sky-embracing peaks,
The voice of waters mad with rage,
But for the average day
Give me the hills my feet can climb,
The brooks whose songs I know,
And folks to match.

Starving the Teeth

NINETY per cent of the children in Canada and the United States suffer from dental decay. In the fifth grade of one school, there was an average of seven cavities in the teeth of each pupil. These are only a few of the statistics which are being gathered throughout the country.

Poor teeth are signboards which point to a general nutritional deficiency. When you plan for healthy teeth, you plan for general health. Keep the teeth clean, but what is much more important, give them the food to build, repair, and keep alive. While we starve the teeth, we starve bone and other tissues throughout the body.

Your food is their means of exercise. Teeth need exercise as well as arms and legs if there is to be health. Disuse is abuse. Most of our food is sufficiently degenerated, denatured, machine prepared, and predigested, so we might as well lay the teeth on the shelf as far as normal use is concerned in preparing the food. Teeth were made to bite, to grind. Give them a chance to do healthy, happy work on their own account, then put into the hopper something out of which they can make bone and repair material.

If you would be square with yourself, play square with your teeth, and you will be making for health, happiness and beauty. Among the foods we need are whole wheat, whole oats, unpolished rice, hard bread, plenty of spinach, lettuce, beet tops, raw cabbage, carrots, and the fruits. The raw foods should be well cleaned, then well chewed.

Seven to Fifteen Minutes a Day Will Do It

OF course, you ought to take more, but if you will consistently and persistently exercise fifteen minutes every day, it will mean not only better posture, but better health and longer life. But you must do a good job of it—exercise from toes to scalp. Walk, run, stretch, twist, breathe—breathe deeply, widely, then blow the breath out; keep that diaphragm moving, expanding, doming. Keep the circulation free about those vital organs—the liver, spleen, stomach and kidneys. A little upside-down exercise would help a lot of folks. Keep your abdomen in and your chest out. If you possibly can, take these exercises out in the open, but even in bed will answer. But it's seven to fifteen minutes every day—no less. And no excuses accepted if results are expected.

Another thing that makes for longevity (and it is exercise, too—in fact, it's the toughest sort of work) is honest-to-goodness thinking on some new specific subject fifteen minutes every day. Try it out and see what will happen. It may become a joy to you and maybe it will result in a thing of beauty. Who knows! It's worth the venture.

Rebirth

Morn's golden hue floods all the plain,
A freshening green girds hill and slough,
Life springs responsive in my heart,
The earth and I are born anew.

Good Health Your Best Insurance

THE fundamental protection against all disease is good health. The foundation of all beauty is good health. The secret of most successes in life is very largely due to a sense of well-being. When the body mechanism purrs along like a happy motor, the mind works and the spirit of youth and beauty has ample opportunity for expression. Beauty and health are matters of the spirit and matters of good circulation. Complexions can be kept in order and more easily and cheaply repaired by working from the inside out. Most folks know this.

Keep the body comfortably warm but do not burden it with clothes. This is being followed out fairly well at the present time by the majority of our race. In general, less clothes means better health, but some carry this to the extreme. When the body has to fight to keep warm we are playing with danger.

Normal fatigue after hard work is natural, but overexertion must be avoided, for it is then our defensive forces are weakened and we are more subject to colds and other infections.

The blood can be changed in a few months time if sunshine and normal food are taken in right quantities. But as a noted authority recently said in a public address, "We are coming to realize that slightly displaced parts in the body mechanism are disturbing factors that leave the body more open to attack."

Give consideration to these little matters and keep the body right. Regular physical examinations make for the best health insurance.

The Booming Side of Health

BILLIONS of dollars, it is estimated, are wasted each year in this nation through ill health alone. Each individual who is not up to par shares in this loss.

Health is one of the first factors that any firm or individual considers when offering employment to a new applicant. No organization is ready to take chances where there is lack of health and vigor.

One great concern spent $50,000 last year advertising in order to get in touch with the right men and women and said, "We are not hiring help but seeking partners in our business." They build business around men and women.

More than goods, prices, location, or even supply and demand, more than all these, business concerns today know that it is the human factor that makes for progress and success.

Securing a job or holding a position, organizing a business, one must be at his best physically and mentally if he is to do his best. Little things affect health and efficiency. The loss of one degree of heat in the body weakens the action of the liver and other vital organs ten per cent, while a body temperature reduced two degrees may endanger life.

In like fashion an unbalanced chemistry in the body lowers resistance and impairs function. Such chemistry may come through wrong food or wrong combinations of food; through worry, or through structural abnormalities. These chemical conditions affect secretions and the operation of body and mind. Ability is impaired, social relations are disturbed and employer

and employee do not coordinate and cooperate. The fine edge is taken from the skill of hand and alertness of brain.

A careful physical examination will show that reflexes from nearly all these conditions will show up in other parts of the body, especially the spinal column.

Cathedral Builders

THERE is a story going the rounds that has already become a classic and should be told and re-told through the years. We heard it first from the dean of one of the departments of Yale University.

Three stone-cutters were in a quarry driving their chisels into a massive block of Vermont granite. A stranger who happened to be passing asked the first worker what he was doing. "Just cutting stone," growled the laborer. "And you?" he asked the second. "I'm working for $7.50 a day," he replied. When the question was put to the third, he stopped, put down his tools and as his face lit up, he answered, "I'm helping to build a cathedral."

It matters little where or at what we work, but it matters mightily the attitude of heart and vision with which we labor. Some see only as far as the broken rocks and become listless automatons, others catch the glint of dollars and drive their chisels for that one object. But some there are, while they strike their chisel ever so eagerly, have caught the vision splendid, the meaning of it all, and with souls aglow are building cathedrals.

Nothing Hopeless

NATURE, the great teacher, tells us again and again—nothing without purpose, nothing that may not be ultimately healed and made beautiful. Severe in her punishments, they are not final and are never without hope for the transgressor. Patient and tender as a mother, she protects and heals.

Though for her purpose she translate into "ruins," yet is there dignity and beauty. More eloquent and fascinating the Kenilworth ruins, ivy covered and grass grown, than many a modern structure.

Deserts and the waste places of earth—Nature's rest zones—have charms all their own. Even there Nature is quietly working out her deep design, getting ready her marvels and beauty and fruition when her time comes. To those who would see "her very ruins are consolations," only our stupidity makes us see things as hopeless. Sans eyes and ears, we fail to catch the marvel of color and design, the harmonies of the incomplete and unrevealed.

It's our little knowledge and understanding that make for hopelessness. No less with Nature's humankind—reforming, transforming, renewing human bodies and equally restoring disturbed human minds. We, her most unruly children, perhaps are loved the most. The ultimate end is good and only good. With Tennyson we trust

> That nothing walks with aimless feet
> Nor in the end shall be destroyed
> Or cast as rubbish to the void
> When God hath made the pile complete.

Hearts

FEARFULLY and wonderfully constructed are these physical hearts of ours. No frail affair, but made of the finest quality of muscle, crossing each other with interlacing tissue, running in all directions,—a veritable power house—a little engine that has never been duplicated.

It will work and fight and struggle to its last beat for you. Its ready adjustment under all situations and calls, all speeds and elevations with happy endurance, is the marvel of scientists.

But the heart does not take kindly to abuse. Some of these early infections may have left their mark which call for consideration, but even then what has often been called a "rickety" heart has sometimes surprised doctors and friends by serving its master far into the years.

Hearts are not organs to worry about unless we abuse them. When we do, then look out. Overwork without sufficient rest, excesses of any sort, whether they be play or eats or drugs or drinks or smokes, emotion or worries—these in excess hurt the heart.

Specific care must be given in pneumonia and like cases to ease the heart's work and keep its power plant in the spine free and functioning.

Hearts can be saved, restored, and if taken in time, brought back almost to normal. Beware of drugs except when some rare emergency may indicate. There are many forms of carefully gauged exercises that are good for bad hearts. It is sudden bursts of speed, trying to catch a train, sudden movements or severe con-

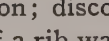
tests (even with children) that bring the strain. Avoid exercises that bring about undue shortness of breath, heart hurry, chest oppression, pain or great fatigue.

Heart diseases lead the list in fatalities; especially is this true in middle age.

A train or auto is examined regularly. If this is so important, why not with the heart. See your physician and have it thoroughly tested out. Follow his instructions faithfully, for hearts can be helped.

"Heart disease" is no longer a term of terror. First find out the true condition; discover the cause. In a recent case a slight slip of a rib was the causative factor that had been bothering for years which, when corrected, gave immediate relief.

Beware of heavy dinners before retiring. A little care in time may mean useful old age. Live fairly safe and sane and forget it. Rest is what most troubled hearts need; rest is the sheet anchor in treatment.



Who Rules the World?

ATHENS rules the world, I rule Athens, my wife rules me, my baby rules my wife; therefore, my baby rules the world." So said the ancient.

Babies rule the home and the world, and why not? Could there by any better rulers? The innocent, the helpless—their interests alone command.

"In the school," says a great educator, "the child's needs must direct. The school and its curriculum must be built about the child."

Investments in Health

MR. A. has just passed his fortieth birthday. His record as an insurance man had been unexcelled. The last year, however, he was "feeling low," and as a result he had written only $400,000 for the year, and, of course, he was discouraged. And his physician was his last resort.

After a careful examination Mr. A. was told he could be put right, but it would take time and coöperation on his part. He had heard such assurances before, but decided that he might make one more trial. The physician said, half in jest, "I would like the chance of taking your case and putting you back on the job with your old power for 10% of the profits you make on what insurance you write above the $400,000 mark which you complain of this year."

"It's a bargain," said the insurance man.

That year this patient wrote a little over $1,000,000 insurance, beating all his former records. His physician did not insist on holding him to the 10%, but a few hundreds of dollars that his comeback cost him proved to be a real investment. There is no safer investment than health.

A young woman, suddenly left on her own resources, had undertaken what promised to be a very attractive business venture, when she found herself "going to pieces" under the strain. Like the insurance man and for a smaller investment, another ambitious worker was saved to herself and her business.

Health investments help to make all other investments safe.

Realities

I breathe the vital urge of dawn,
The strength of hills;
I sense the majesty of storms and moving seas,
The dignity of swaying trees;
I touch the pulse of freshness in the grass;
Behold the artistry of forests 'gainst reddening skies.

I break the bonds of lassitude;
Brave the bludgeonings of chance;
Rebound from dull despair;
Hear in the rasping chaos of mid-day
Paeans of peace;
And feel the triumphant regalness of right,
The pain of need,
The tug of far ideals.

I know the quickening glow of creative fires,
The ecstasy of discovery—
Be it friend, flower, a fact, or God—
And at the day's waning,
The healing fragrance at sunset,
When life's broken prisms, tangled lights and shadows
Complete a masterpiece, vibrant with tone and color.

* * *

Then, at twilight, scintillating stars
Venturing preludes to the eternal symphony.

Robbed

YOU were robbed today, little lass; robbed of bushels of sunshine and fresh, health laden air; robbed of a normal amount of the actinic rays of the sun; of the oxygen and ozone which cannot be taken from plants or children without damage to tissues. These elements mean life to you. The place to get them is out of doors where living things abound.

Let these little folks gambol on the sward, whether it be green or brown. Let them plow their feet among rustling autumn leaves, and tumble and sprawl on the good brown earth. Let them catch the music and scents of autumn woods, the tang and tug of winter's winds. Never mind Minnie's pink dress or Jack's white trousers. These can be duplicated, but you cannot go to the drug store or doctor and buy one or a million dollars' worth of fighting force when these little folks are ill; fighting force which should have been stored up in days and days in the open. Taking little children to some silly movie when they should be sleeping those long, refreshing hours only helps the shameless robbery.

Danger Lurks by Stagnant Pools and Sluggish Rivers

FREELY flowing waters are wholesome waters. Stagnation breeds disease without or within us. The lymph and blood must freely flow. Stasis, or sluggish circulation of the vital fluids in the body, is a factor in most all malignancies and other ills.

Mechanical Care

A LITTLE mechanical care and adjustment puts music in the motor, a song in the heart, it makes of a cast-off a comeback, and from fixing fussy feet to aborting a case of pneumonia or salvaging a multitude of auto victims, it is the one thing that must not be left undone.

But effective as osteopathy is in acute conditions, its great work is prophylactic—keeping folks fit, helping mothers and babies through those perilous first weeks and year; keeping hard-bitten men and tired women from nervous breaks.

If we insist on speeding up our machines and taking the turns on two instead of four wheels, we had better keep the mechanism in order while the race is on, for most of us know where we are headed, if we do not. Too many of us are trying to pull up the grade on two cylinders when it ought to be four or eight.

But cheer up! There are few of us as bad as the lad who, being asked how he was getting on with his catechism, replied, "Fine, I am past redemption and turned the leaf." We were built for a century-run, and with normal intake of proper food and water, and half the care we would give to our flivver or Rolls-Royce, we can make the grade with a thrill and flourish, and we won't need to endanger our own or our country's constitution or amendments to do it.

Mother, Teacher, Genius

HIGH place have the mother and the teacher held in the hearts of all people in all times. Nowhere has this been more true than in America, and at no time more than the present. Motherhood has been the inspiration of poet, artist and sculptor and must continue to be through the ages.

Who ventures the teacher's task becomes a leader, educator and fashioner of minds and bodies through growing, determining years and stands unique in the creative field of service.

Perhaps in no single instance has the mother and teacher been given fuller recognition, nor was ever more honored by a world of onlookers than when Mrs. Lindbergh, mother of our young Colonel, stood at the Capitol before cheering crowds. It is great to be a teacher of youth, but what unique worth is added when the teacher is also a parent!

As Dr. L. P. Jacks, editor of the Hibbert Journal, said, "I know of teachers, men and women, who deserve to be ranked in their own field with the great geniuses of art, science and religion. Nowhere will you see the creative mind, which is another name for genius, more active than in the field of education." Or, as William Griffith says in "Lines to Phidias"

> On yonder pedestal stands a mother,
> A greater sculptor than thou, O Phidias.

The Way

Hungered is thy heart life?
Wouldst thou richly live?
Scant though all thy holdings—
Give!

Restless is thy spirit?
Wouldst life's purpose shirk?
Find thy task and humbly
Work!

List to earth's sweet music,
Catch its mirth the while. . .
Life is worth the striving—
Smile!

On to larger living,
Counting not the throe!
With thy soul aspiring—
Grow!

Fitting Into the New Age

EACH New Year must perforce be one of tremendous speed and astounding achievements, industrially at least. Lavish and far-reaching beyond all dreams, and by the result of our nation's achievements from Ford to Lindbergh—who can prophesy what a new year shall bring forth? "I have learned to laugh at nothing," says Captain Dollar, the big shipowner. Tomorrow that "fool idea" is paying dividends.

One would think that finis could be written over the marvels of all mechanical achievements, but masters in science—those who know—declare we are only on the outer fringe of the great physical discoveries and inventions. In chemistry, the wildest dreams of the ancient alchemists are being achieved, and now we are almost ready to rend the atom and release its power.

To match all this, youth is coming on with its daring, audacity and venture, and youth with a bit of self-discipline will not come far from meeting the hour's challenge.

Sane men may well pause and ask, "To what end all this?" And how will minds and bodies be able to carry on with equal power, precision and safety? How shall we prevent this mighty machine which we have created from turning to rend and smash its creators?

The only answer we can see is a better understanding of that human machine, its anatomy and physiology and those intricate forces that there function; with a saner view of the objectives that matter most.

Rightly cared for, the body will more than match any machine that the mind of man ever made.

The Art Supreme

If we could see the happy blend
Of light and shade
Through all the good and seeming ill
That men have made,
Each in his place, with his own hue—
For each must add his color to the scheme;
Could we divine the plan,
The whither of the line, though dim,
I wonder then if life might seem
A living masterpiece supreme. . .
If we with tutored ear could hear
The wild tumultuous clash of strife
Whose thunderous echoes roll and beat
Like unrequited waves of sea;
Or catch the high exultant notes
Where thrills of joyous life abound,
Or witchery of minor key,
Or sorrows calm, or drone of bee,
I wonder then if life might prove
A mighty vibrant symphony. . .
If we could know the vital worth
Of every life—of each today,
And understand the universal loss
And incompleteness in the scheme,
Should any soul his mite withhold;
If we could sense the mighty urge
And feel the strong impelling trend—
I wonder then could any fail
To give earth's song his fullest note
And so make Life the Art Supreme.

A Beautiful Mother

IN THE heart of every child is the thought—perhaps unexpressed—"my mother is so pretty."

It was the love beaming out of the mother's eyes, and the smiles dimpling her face that made little arms reach out and little hearts reach up with untaught confidence and admiration for "muzzer."

The days quickly pass and little hands and feet are grown, eyes and lips with budding minds back of them. Are mothers just as beautiful as in those beginning years? Have the love beams and smiles grown along with childish hands and feet?

Keeping the heart ways of childhood and maturing youth, mothers stay beautiful without, because the spirit is beautiful within. The years may write deeply the story of hardship and handicap, but they cannot hide the soul that still lives and loves.

Fourteen Feet on the Fender

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES wrote that happiness was four feet on the fender? Very good so far as it goes, but six feet or ten feet or fourteen feet are just that much more sure of spelling happiness.

"God bless us four feet and no more feet" is not very liberal when the heavens and the earth are longing to provide for those vacant places at the fireside.

John Muir, The Mountaineer

A FRIEND of Roosevelt and Burroughs in his scientific study of Nature was John o' the Mountains. The naturalist's library is greatly enriched by his magazine articles and a score of volumes from which we gather a few random extracts. Muir Glacier in Alaska and Muir Redwoods in California are named to pay tribute to his memory.

Truly he said, "I am hopelessly and forever a mountaineer. I care to live only to entice people to look at Nature's loveliness."

He wanted us to know:

"How cool and vital and recreative is the hale young mountain air! No one can love or hate an enemy here, for no one can conceive of such a creature as an enemy.

"How glorious it storms! The pines are in ecstasy and I feel it and I must go out to them.

"How terribly downright must be the utterances of storms and earthquakes to those accustomed to the soft hypocrisies of society."

When most of us would be coming in for protection John Muir would be found hurrying out into the storms, often climbing high into the pines to sway in the blast, that he might see and understand their ways and catch their spirit.

A friend has written of Muir:

"At two o'clock in the morning a rain-soaked group of Indians hammered at the missionary's door and begged him to pray. 'We scare. All Stickeen scare,' they said, for some wakeful ones had seen a red glow

on top of a neighboring mountain and the mysterious, portentous phenomenon had immediately been communicated to the whole frightened tribe. 'We want you play (pray) God; plenty play,' they said.

"The reader will not find it difficult to imagine what happened, for Muir was the unconscious cause of their alarm. He had made his way through the drenching blast to the top of a forested hill. There he had contrived to start 'a fire, a big one, to see as well as to hear how the storm and trees were behaving.' At midnight his fire, sheltered from the village by the brow of the hill, was shedding its glow upon the low-flying storm-clouds, striking terror to the hearts of the Indians, who thought they saw something that 'waved in the air like the wings of a spirit.' And while they were imploring the prayers of the missionary for their safety, Muir, according to his own account, was sitting under a bark shelter in front of his fire, with 'nothing to do but look and listen and join the trees in their hymns and prayers.' "

Nothing in Excess

"NOTHING in excess," was the title written above the Greek temple. With perhaps the exception of thinking, which is a creative effort that normally stimulates all life interests and makes for longevity, most activities can be carried to excess.

It is these excesses that cut under and cut short life's interests.

Protect Your Home

WE have fire insurance and fire extinguishers to safeguard us against loss from fire. We have cyclone cellars and tornado insurance to protect us from loss from storm. We have police to safeguard us from the burglar. And we use them all when it is necessary. But we are not availing ourselves of the agencies at hand for the prevention and cure of social diseases. They are more destructive than all the devilish equipment of the recent world war and continue on their stealthy way, destroying the innocent as ruthlessly as the guilty.

"Lurking behind the protecting screen of ignorance, fear, timidity and false modesty these assassins play no favorites. The mother in her home, the innocent little child, the untaught youth are all easy prey," says Dr. Herman N. Bundesen in the official Chicago Health Bulletin.

He then goes on to show that 50 per cent of all boys become infected—five out of every ten. The thing to do is for fathers and mothers to take their boys and girls into their confidence and warn them of danger. If not the parents then the trusted physician.

Your daughter must take no chances with sowers of wild oats for if they do they must share in the harvest of those wild oats. And the harvest means disease and disaster.

Let the young man pass an examination before the girl's family physician. If the young man knows he is free from infection he will not object. Sir William Osler says, "Gonorrhea is a disease of the very first

rank. It costs the country, annually, thousands of lives, 30 per cent to 40 per cent of all congenital blindness, chronic pelvic mischief in women and the unhappiness of sterile marriage."

Life is too full of rich promise to dally with tragedy.

Have You a Baby in Your Home?

NO? Then you have surely begged or borrowed one and spent a few hours at its feet, gathering the wide-eyed wisdom it had to give you.

And there's nothing like a jolly romp with childhood. Their happy little feet will kick the fatigue toxins out of your system and clear the brain of cobwebs.

For those whom the gods have not so favored there are a host of unhomed wonderful babies awaiting your arms and hearts. They want to enrich those arms and hearts a hundredfold.

Anyway, you can at least pick out what you think you want from these, while most of our parents had to take what they got.

There's hope for you, and you are not very old if you're a lover of babies, and should you linger long on life's road these little artist fingers will touch in the joy lines on your face just where and at the angle they ought to be.

But babies are not all artistry. They have some very practical and everyday sort of ways about them. A bit of sky and a bit of earth in wonderful admixture. Eyes that look into your soul and arms that love you back to God.

Just One of the Many

STOMACH upset, cannot sleep, ache in the back and abdomen—these were the symptoms most complained of by a busy business man as he came early to the office for his first consultation and treatment. Careful diagnosis, laboratory and x-ray tests showed any number of reasons, perfectly good ones, for his complaints. But the first two treatments—especially the second, gave him great relief. It will take weeks to put him right. It may even take months to clear up some of the things that could have been avoided had he come six months or a year earlier.

It is the old story—a successful man paying the price of success, by working just a little longer and a little harder at his tasks, without taking vacations or thinking about his best asset, his health. The fine body that Nature had given him was struggling desperately to adapt itself and make the best of the abuse and ill consideration it was receiving. When he was asked what he did for recreation he said, "I drive from one factory to another instead of taking the train," but he admitted that he was thinking hard and driving hard all the way. Nights with board meetings, hurried luncheons and indiscreet dinners, all had added to the fury.

He promises to slow up gradually while under our care. He didn't have time to play golf, but he has already bought his sticks and joined the club. With some of these men golf seems to be about the only thing that takes them into a different world and makes them really forget business, home and everything else.

This man needed absolute rest in bed at first. When he begins to feel better he will spend at least a good part of two days a week on the golf course. He has already started on a better system of eating, and he takes a few simple exercises, breathing and others, along with treatment.

The main hindrance to recovery in such a patient is the fact that as soon as he has begun to feel easier or rested he will be too busy to take his treatments or his days off. But if he is considerate and reasonable he will continue this care right through the year, like many another business man has learned to do, as the best method of keeping fit and on the job.

Backs Is Backs

JUDGING from magazine articles and general observation backs are coming out into their own. As one writer puts it, "the sophisticated low decolletage tempts a woman to turn her back upon her best friends —if she wants to impress them." And another one adds, "in one of these frocks you can always be sure of a triumphant exit." But backs to be backs must be normal.

Yet what is more than the interest in the appearance is the fact that there is a slight slump or bad posture in the back which affects the face, the disposition, and more than all and fundamental to all the general health, vigor and functioning of body and mind.

Prevention of Cancer

ONE of the greatest causes of disease is congestion. Some writers put it even more strongly.

Hanley, the cancer research man in London, at a great gathering of leading physicians in this country, stated that from his study he believed that lymph stasis is a large factor in the cause of cancer. "Any part or organ of the body is subject to cancer inversely to the vigor of the circulating fluids of that part or organ." Which suggests the importance of avoiding congestion or slowing up of the vital fluids of any part of the human body.

Much can be done to prevent. Animals and people, like the Indians and aborigines, who live natural lives, seldom have cancer. They take normal exercise and rest. The cat, dog and tiger stretch every part of the anatomy nearly every time they get up.

Another cancer specialist declares that the causative factor is the lack of cell oxygenation. This fits in happily with the ideas above noted. There must be plenty of wholesome air reaching the lungs delivering its oxygen to the blood cells and these cells must carry this oxygen to every cell in the body without interference, if those cells are to be healthy in all their functioning.

When tender places are found in any part of the body it often means congestion. A disturbance in the circulation of the vital fluids to that part, or a disturbance in the drainage from that part of these disturbed areas, however slight—these are the points that must be diagnosed and properly treated.

No Time to Grow Old

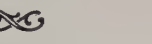
SHAKESPEARE, Stevenson and the others in that great array of advancing souls who played with the things of the mind and the universe, also liked to get down and play with "leaden soldiers and wooden ships." The mark of genius is that it never grows old.

The fires of creative souls never burn out. The real fascination of life is experienced on the frontier of the creative forces—out where the wilderness begins—out where it is being pushed back—out where prejudice and ignorance are overcome—out where established hypocrisies and unyielding dogmas are brushed aside in the onward march of things.

Why fossilize at 40 when the charm of life is hardly past the bud—new visions, new gardens of beauty, new realms of thinking, new ways of keeping fit, better ways of getting well, more time for the realities, for friendships—more time for your soul? Then you won't have time to grow old.

Utter the great prayer of John G. Neihardt:

> O Thou, of deeps the awful deep,
> Thou breather in the clay;
> Hear this, my only prayer—Oh! keep
> My soul from growing gray.



IN the life of Pepys the washing of his feet was such an event that he recorded it in his diary as having occurred on May 30, 1663.

Woman

"GOD bless 'em and curb 'em," said the humorist a decade or two ago. Bless them a thousand times, but most of us have changed our minds about the curbing.

Woman was never meant for curbing. Freedom's her right, but more, her joy and her revelation in beauty and benevolence. Freedom like the freedom and abandon of the trees in the wind. Freedom expressed in winged feet and spirit as in an Isadora Duncan dance, or driving the wheels of love or labor—vibrant with the ecstacies of living.

A freedom that senses the pulse in grassy fields and battling boughs. Freedom from the dust of dead dogmas and from cant, cast and prejudices; from the ruck and scum of things.

A freedom that finds wonder and power in basement fundamentals, but whose living rooms open to sun, wind and enchanting vistas.

A freedom that knocks the lid off life, kicks the roof of the sky, dreams and dances with thrills that reach the stars.

A freedom that has power to center on things essential till they are done, yet has time for the mastering silences of solitude—solitude and brooding that make for poise, perspective, release of soul. Brooding always goes with genius.

This is the freedom that catches the wild calls across the moor, revels in myth and myrrh, puts rainbows of courage into despairing hearts and heroically bears

them up to the hills of strength, peace and vision.

A freedom that is ready to tie up its very soul and body to dainty bits of pink and blue ribbon and all the living wonder that pulses among dainty little covers. Women are discovering that the stress of living and loving into rosebuds of reality—little dream lives—need not disturb health or figure, but enhance both, adding new lines of charm and beauty with a glory that motherhood alone can know, and nursing motherhood is safest womanhood.

Motherhood should be endowed, vehemently asserts G. Bernard Shaw. "If I were a woman," he recently said, "I should refuse to bear a child for less than ten thousand dollars. A nation which does not guarantee the proper nurture of its children does not deserve to have them."

Questioned as to his belief in the Immaculate Conception, Shaw answered, "Yes, because I regard all conceptions as immaculate."

There were never so many healthy, busy happy women in the world as right now. Never so many making a joyous success of life, whether in the home, in business or the professions. Independent artists and artisans, asking no odds in business or career.

Will Durant declares that it used to be that women at forty were beginning to be gray, wrinkled and dependable, but now they are just beginning to get their stride.

Not the Sere and Yellow—But the Rich and Brilliant Leaf

WHEN comes that happy maturing time, past the meridian, some goals reached, family reared, a service rendered, a fair competence and standing attained—then what? Will you settle down, sign off, and prepare to just watch it through? Have you considered Old Nature or studied her ways?

Go out to the hillsides and into the woods; row out on a lake fringed with trees; get acquainted with those trees and their ways, for man should be like a tree planted by rivers and lakes that brings forth fruit in season, whose leaves do not wither.

What do the trees do in the fall time of life, after the urge of spring is over and the patient labor of summer is ended? All too busy were these masterpieces of nature to think much about their own special enrichment and adornment through all those vigorous, responsible days. And when those laborful days close, these trees, instead of letting go their forces in careless abandonment, order up their chemists and in their laboratories plan and manufacture richest tints and robes for the fall display.

Through the quiet stillness of night they labor, and before you are aware, some early dawn you awake to behold them arrayed in gorgeous robes. Their richness matches the splendor of dawn. . . . On through shortening days they carry, till snows, in time, bring a crowning glory. . . .

As with trees, why not with man Gradually man is

learning that Nature's way is Wisdom's way—the way of beauty and enrichment.

You didn't have time, in your rush of getting and giving, to do some of the finer things that your mind dreamed of and your heart longed for; you wanted to know more of the history and romance of the past world; you wished to ken more of the how and why of living, growing things on land and in the sea—to understand literature, music and pictures that must lend a thousand thrills new to your busy life.

Conscious you are of having barely ventured on the high road. Now, like to the tree, the autumn has come and, while you may not be free from signs of wear and the scars of hard usage, Nature's chemistry has not lost its cunning; she has hoarded many of her richest gifts and most brilliant robes for this autumn season. The body's reparative and recuperative powers wait to serve and co-operate. Much of the brain force has hardly been used at all.

Awake! Assert the new freedom. Break the foolish bonds that hamper you. Have a fling into the finer arts of life. Read what men and women with more years to boast of than yours have done—and still do in city and mart. Think not of yourself as the "sere and yellow leaf." 'Tis the mind that makes the body rich. So with renewed strength and flaming glory fill with rich beauty life's great October days.

For the Growing Child

AT least one quart of milk a day should be taken by every growing child, more would be better. In most places milk is the most available food and no growing child should be without it. Plenty of sleep, ample fresh air, reasonable care and a sensible diet will give every growing child the chance for a successful career.

Where possible, plenty of orange juice, figs and almonds, according to recent scientific authorities, are even more effective in building up mind and body than is milk in little children.

WHY try to crowd all our thankfulness and charity and good will into a few stated days? Why not, with every morning's dawn and twilight hour, find a pause in the rush of things—and in the hush of things be consciously grateful and generous?

Gratitude for tasks into which to throw ourselves. Glad for a job that we must do—for a bit of essential work that won't be done unless our hands and brains, with healthful vigor, attack it.

Thankful for the will to do and for the enthusiastic concentration that this job demands. For the urge and surge of life that goads us out of mediocrity—for days and ways of saner living for body and mind.

Grateful for the consciousness that back of you is infinite creative energy, seeking now to express itself through you and your work, with manifold times your present force and efficiency.

Locarno

ONE advantage of a trip overseas (perhaps the main one to some of us) is to discover for ourselves that there really are some ancient cathedrals, a River Thames, a London Bridge which isn't all the time falling down, that Shakespeare really lived by the placid River Avon, and courted his Ann in just about the same old way, on a bench by the open fire. That there are castles of ancient design, and palaces mirrored and pictured, with two or three kings still left that dare come out in the open. That Rob Roy and Alice in Wonderland, that Burns and Gray, Napoleon and Marie Antoinette were not fabricated myths from some poet's or artist's mind.

Yes, all this, but the real discovery we made was the River Marne, Belleau Woods, Chateau Thierry, Argonne and its bloody forest. Tier on tier of long, irregular, half-filled trenches, winding over rich fields and rock-strewn hills; staves and wire entanglements, blood rusted; overturned tanks by the roadside; broken men and trees in field and city and village.

The first emergency bridge our boys put over the Marne still stands and still serves. Nature is working night and day in sunshine and storm to wash away and cover up, perhaps succeeding better in these lonely fields than in the hearts of its people.

Argonne Cemetery, on that beautiful Argonne slope, with its row on row of white crosses and stars. More than fourteen thousand of our boys lie in this one alone —men who gave their last full measure of devotion

with a shout of triumph, facing the foe. We understand better now about those tens of thousands of boys of ours who didn't come back.

This last decade the world hasn't talked much about those boys and their sacrifice, their gift to humanity. There hasn't been very much that has been tangible or commensurate in the way of results to tell about, it sometimes seems to us. But the days are changing, slowly it may be, but as truly as the laws of the spheres, no such paying out of rich, red life can fail of its purpose.

Perhaps Locarno and a few other peace centers, with Kellogg treaties and Hoover-MacDonald conferences, will prove to be a bit of a first fruit of those days of terrible travail. A decade of silence, but the world has been thinking, and coming decades will be vocal and eloquent over what they did there—a sacrifice complete and perfect. We dare not forget.

Today the poppies are blooming more wonderful with deeper hue from that rich soil in Flanders' fields and Belleau woods. Birds and bird notes are coming back again to torn, broken hillsides and building nests in the green growing forests. Hope springs anew, and by the brooksides, near the meadows, are the smiles of little children. Their laughter echoes into the new day, while we feel our fingers more tightly grip the torch our sons and brothers held.

A Mile of Oxygen

AND that's the way to take it—by the mile. A woman nearing seventy is still at work, managing her place of business in this city, and the thing that helps most she declares is her "mile of oxygen" every day, usually a mile walk in the park, or if she must, on the busy street. She starts out slowly and speeds up until near the end of the mile—taking a free, easy, swinging stride, bringing all parts of the body into action, letting the chest lead. In this way one gets a "mile of oxygen"—plus.

That mile of deep breathing is a cleansing, stimulating bath to the circulating fluids, brings to hungry nerve centers fresh supplies of oxygen. When the law (or dignity) allows, take part of this mile of oxygen on the run, and before long you will not be content with one mile.

Posture

RIGHT posture makes you breathe well, think well and act well because you are well. Try standing up against a straight wall, heels, hips, chest up, shoulders and back of head touching the wall. Keeping this line-up, come slightly forward on the ankles with easy relaxation and you will have the desired posture.

Sarah Bernhardt

SMILING and fighting to the end, never accepting defeat, staging the final act unafraid—these are the qualities that won the applause of the world and made the "divine Sarah" a world character. Losing a leg after seventy would stump most of us; but what was that to a stage idol? It only gave her a chance to think out some new ventures. And she did. Her favorite motto, we are told, was "Quand meme," which, being interpreted by some, means "spite o' 'ell." Intrepid, flame-like spirit, a personality that dominated —such was Sarah Bernhardt as artist, comparable to Clemenceau as statesman, a missionary that interpreted and bound together the spirit of nations. Almost her last breath whispered grateful greetings to America.

The Reverent Hour

It was the stillest hour,
The stillest of the night;
Low-hanging moon diffused her light
Through fleecy veils above the moor,
And tenderly the shimmering sky
With all its starry hosts bent low.
Half hidden homes among the deep
Upreaching trees, but not a stir
Except within one cottage home,
With taper light aglow.
In drowsy, drooping boughs the birds
In dreamless slumber nod;

And e'en the whispering, wandering winds
Had lulled and loitered 'neath
The green of grass and leaves.
All nature seemed to pause and list
In reverent wondering.
A far-wandering fairy night
When angels come most close to earth,
And leave their messages of hope,
And bring their precious gifts to men.

Within that waiting home,
An anguished cry,—tumult and pain,—
Or life or death?—a new cry—rejoice!
And then—Oh! wonderful the story is,
There came a twofold gift,
A mother born to love,
A child to lead.
Another Mary and her babe;
God's gifts—His two
Best gifts to earth.

One Hundred Years and More

ALREADY, by a better understanding of the body, its protective and natural immunities, its chemistry and structural care, man has gained nearly 20 years of life expectancy. Good authorities see 100 years as an average in the not distant future, because, as Millikan says, "We will have learned how to live a million times more wisely than now."

Creative Fields

Once a vast wilderness teeming with wildness,
Here where the gods transcendently wrought.
Out from the East, that no longer could hold them,
Ventured keen spirits asearch of new life.
Found here far vistas that widen the vision,
Heights that challenge the reach of the soul.
Here in the West, all sun-warmed and fertile,
Nourished where giant sequoias are grown.
Fired by the forces that fed the gaunt forests,
Men catch the spirit that moves in the mountains.
Some to the depths go digging for treasures,
Some to sierras to garner new wonders,
Or dreaming on carpets of lupine and poppies
Blaze the West's glory in color and song.
Clear-visioned prophets, tongues tipped with fire,
Unfettered craftsmen scorning tradition,
Remaking daisies, rebuilding cities,
Thinkers that tower like redwoods 'mong seers.
Out of the West grow a host of creators,
Forests of argonauts, oaklike and lordly,
Men and their messages flung round the world.
These but the first fruits held up to earth . . .
Time for temples, the hills and their stillness,
And grapple of hands with heart in the clasping . . .
Lavish the harvests—blood-red and golden!
Westland is Springtime, beauty and youth time!

* * *

The picture unfinished—
But Nature works on—triumphant—creating.

Alone on Open Roads

WHEN we are tired of four walls and a ceiling and in need of the sky, then is when we want to fare forth with Whitman on his Open Road:

> I ordain myself loos'd of limits and imaginary lines,
> Going where I list, my own master total and absolute,
> Listening to others, considering well what they say,
> Pausing, searching, receiving, contemplating.
> Gently, but with undeniable will, divesting myself of the holds that would hold me.

Or with Hazlitt in his "On Going a Journey." Perhaps it would be better to go alone. Emerson says you will generally fare better to take your dog than to invite your neighbor, for your dog is a true pedestrian and your neighbor is very likely a small politician. Burroughs adds that the dog enters thoroughly into the spirit of the enterprise. He is more indifferent or preoccupied; he is constantly sniffing at adventure—in short "is just that happy, delicious, excursive vagrant that touches one at so many points."

"Instead of a friend in a post chaise or in a Tilbury," says Hazlitt, "to exchange good things with and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head and the green turf under my feet, a winding road before me and a three hours' march to dinner —and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. . . . Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart, set in its coat of emerald?"

"When I go with my bees," says a writer in the Christian Science Monitor, "I come very close to the heart of nature. Out among her lovelorn flowers, finding her hidden passions, her wells of deep desire and many a lovely thing kept from the ants and spiders and the coarser creatures of the woods."

Then climb the mountains with John Muir and get their good tidings, and let nature's peace flow into your soul. Let the winds bring their freshness and the storms their energy, until, as he declares, "your cares will fall away like autumn leaves."

The Izaak Walton League

OUR out-of-doors is vanishing. Our natural forests and pure-watered rivers are getting beyond redemption. Migratory birds too often have to go with them—and with them both much of beauty and health and safety.

The outstanding vision one remembers of Europe is that of wooded countrysides, the clear streams flowing gently through them, and of forest on forest, from the ancient trees to the little sprigs they are not forgetful to plant today. Always two young trees for every one cut down is the rule in Switzerland and most lands.

Even the war-scarred forests of France, whose soil is enriched by the nitrates shot into it and by the bodies of men—even these are renewing their life, their trees becoming literally living, growing monuments, embracing and expressing the spirit of those men.

Try It Once

VACATION means vacation. Vacate your present abode, your way of performing, your attitude of mind; get away from it into something different, if only to go around the corner the other way.

Monotony kills, change saves. Quit the public halls, the radio, and newspapers; go out and listen to babes and birds, or swing on the turnpike gate, and talk with the garbage man. Do most anything once for a change; act the fool (if that's a change), or don the stiffest front the law allows and strut down Fifth Avenue with the daintiest.

Get away from musty thoughts and places. Forget the origin of species, politics and the world series, the roots of verbs and like verbiage. Lie down on your stomach on the greenest spot of grass that grows and grapple your fingers among the rootlets of real things.

If you are fed up on business or politics or the 1929 Follies, put on a humble spirit and saunter down to some old-fashioned camp meeting or circus, and let your hungry soul gap open. Let the empty space fill up with something that will last through the week at least.

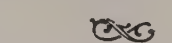
Get acquainted with trees; perhaps they will understand you when everybody else seems to fail.

If you are a John Muir, swing out with some long strides with arms and legs across the country, especially when a storm is brewing. Climb some hardy tree and swing gaily with its branches while you flirt with the clouds above, then come down, lie on your back with your feet against the body of the tree and try to understand it as you gaze up through its unfettered branches.

We know fools may write poems, but making a tree is a job for God.

Let that "inspiring objective" alone for the present, just fool around and be natural. It is safer and better for a season.

Quit thinking and planning for a while; the world won't upset—and sometimes quit reading, you won't catch up anyway. Just sit and look inanely at nothing and let the world roll by. Then do the same thing, only different, next day. If this doesn't work, go out and do as you please. Coming back, you'll be ready to write a poem, wash the dishes, or dance a jig. If not, see your physician at once.



DR. FRANK GUNSAULUS used to say, "It takes an eloquent audience to make an eloquent speaker," and never a truer line.

Artists of the stage, lecturers, teachers or pleaders —it's those rows of upturned, eager faces that stimulate and draw forth. In very truth, it is the eloquent audience that has found an oracle for the deeps of its soul. 'Tis the great congregation to the utmost gallery that is finding rare and rich expression, free and untrammeled.

As with Daniel Webster against Haines, his preparation may have used decades in studious observation and interpretation of his people and of the times, till like a master composer he comes into his hour, and he fills that hour to the full, because he was the voice of the multitude.

Mountain Souls

RIGHT thinking makes for health, for longer life. The happy attitude of mind towards all folks and all things, an appreciation of the good and beautiful, of the fineness in men and nature, all make for vigor of mind, health of body and normal functioning. The study of great souls and a close acquaintance with strong personalities stimulate the nerve centers, revive expectancy, enlarge the vision, augment circulation and help make every cell in the body aquiver with life.

Walt Whitman was one of these personalities—a natural man, nature student; and John Burroughs, a unique, mountain-minded man, who wrote the following paragraph about Walt Whitman, not only appreciated this great free soul, but all for which he stood.

You will breathe more freely and more deeply when you have read these lines and thought on these two great men. This also makes for health. There is power in such personalities. In "Field and Study," John Burroughs says:

"I return to Whitman again and again, year after year, not for his privacies with nature, but for the sweep of his mind and the power of his personality. His tremendous humanism and large style always refresh me. He makes me ashamed of our partialities and refinements and false modesties. His frankness and directness are as appealing as his unconventionalities. His candor equals his charity; his democracy matches his patriotism. He does not distill the essence of wild Nature for me as Wordsworth does—Nature transmuted into a kind of intellectual sentiment; he distills

nothing; he confronts me with the immeasurable universe and makes me feel how the ground I walk upon is a part of the solar system. It is not Nature perfumed with literature that he gives me, but something much nearer to the breath of Nature as she appears on the shore, the plains, the mountain tops."

Unlimited Sunshine

SUNSHINE and open spaces have always been considered of value, but the scientific world, in recent years, is discovering just what this value is. The ultraviolet and some other rays from the sun direct are factors not only in curing rachitic conditions in children but restoring many another condition and stimulating all the vital forces in man, in animals and in plants.

A little pane of glass will cut out a large per cent of the most vital rays. Where the patient cannot bear the direct rays of the sun even the indirect ones of the sky are effective.

The early morning and evening rays are considered of special value.

Chickens and cows living in the sunshine produce eggs and milk more full of vitamin content and other elements necessary for the building up and nourishing of body tissues.

It is found that various foods may have their nourishing qualities increased by exposure, not only to the sun but even to artificial rays. Hence the value of summering in Alpine regions and wintering in lands of "unlimited sunshine."

Thankful

FOR what? That some Indian hasn't shot an arrow through your red flannels and that several automobiles have missed you. Autos killed nearly 200 in Chicago alone last month. Perhaps they didn't do so well in your center. Just what their ultimate goal is has not been made public yet. It might be discouraging.

Also thankful that while Ezra Meeker before he passed winged across the continent in twenty-four hours in his ninety-fourth year, instead of ox-carting it in six months, as was his first record, also that we may still find a few secluded spots of raw brown earth where we may loaf between stations on our century run. (It seems that Henry Ford is about the only one who can sport a genuine ox team these days. Those calm-eyed oxen are favorites on his old homestead.)

Thankful, incidentally, that there are other roads and safer ones to health than the pink-pill route and that there is still a fifty-fifty chance for escaping a few of the pre-mortem serum punctures for each ill that ever was or ever will be. Thankful, again, that we have rediscovered the fact that while the doctor may run off with the fee, Nature does the curing and that the human body, given ordinary mechanical care with a variety of natural food, can still manufacture her own fighting and reparative forces.

Thankful that Iowa and other like states were discovered in time to afford a birthplace for several of us where we could grow up with the pumpkins and tall corn.

Thankful that the radio age has placed the saffron taxicab and the antiseptic hospital on the level with the classic log-cabin as a birthplace of the famous. No longer need one regret that his biography cannot state, "This is an authentic picture of the birthplace of ——, the notable, etc., etc." With justifiable pride one may now point to an imposing structure and say, "Within the highly antisepticized and immaculately white chambers of this noble institution did I first see the light of this world." Or one may say, "It was, perhaps prophetic that I should first open my eyes in a speeding cab of golden hue and bearing the number 7,777,777."

Thankful that most of us (we hope) had enough patriotic interest in our country's welfare to register, and are ready to go to the polls and vote independently and intelligently for men who have given us proof of their honesty and common sense and their quiet determination to keep this country ever the safest, best place for human life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

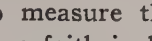
"I am in love with the world," wrote John Burroughs when he stood at the summit of the years.

"I have not bruised myself against it, nor tried to use it ignobly. While I gathered its bread and meat for my body, I did not neglect to gather its bread and meat for my soul. I have climbed its mountains, roamed its forests, sailed its waters, crossed its deserts, felt the sting of its frosts, the oppression of its heats, the drench of its rains, the fury of its winds, and always have beauty and joy waited upon my goings and comings."

To the Last Ditch

NATURE has a wonderful way of fighting for you. She is with you to the last ditch and then pleads for brains that understand and hands that know how to lift the pressure, relieve the congestion, that more of her fighting forces may be unfettered and stimulated to fight life's great enemies. The physician that a sick man needs is one with vision and understanding—brains and fingers that know what to do next and are ready to begin even when others are through.

Too often we fail to measure the power and endurance of Nature. Have faith in her, go the limit—and then some. Many an old-fashioned nurse has carried a case to successful issue when physicians and surgeons had stopped.



A GREAT share of the troubles of life are found in the intestinal tract. Predisposing conditions are usually in the spine, habits, posture, ways of eating and attitude of mind. All of these can easily be corrected and there is no doubt but that toxins and various poisons come from these intestinal conditions, and, carried by the blood and lymph, infect other parts of the body, possibly sinuses, tonsils, etc.

There should be at least two normal movements of the bowels each day. With the right sort of diet, exercise—some of it upside down exercise—a good share of life's troubles and dangers could be avoided.

Fewer Athletic Gods

THE ancient Greek considered that the finest tribute he could offer to his deities was a sound mind in a sound body. Complete development of body and mind for joyful, everyday living, was the objective. Greece reveled in games and had her super-champions, but what she sought for one she sought for all. Beauty and perfection of form and function was her ideal, for the masses as well as the classes.

"Don't flinch, don't fudge, hit the line and hit it hard," said Roosevelt, but the tens of thousands sitting by, witnessing the contest between two or comparatively few, are not being raised towards strength and beauty. Not thus is the race elevated. The wild acclaim from school or the public puts the emphasis too often on the wrong phase of the game. There is lack of proportion and balance.

Boy Scout methods are better proportioned. Each boy must develop all-round proficiency, from peeling a potato to saving a life—another's or his own. "Make no more giants, God, but elevate the race," pleaded Browning. Fewer athletic gods, less competitive strain, more trained hands, keen eyes, acute ears.

We need more goals of culture and service, in school and out of school; more proportion and balance for students and adults; more outdoor hikes, more time for creative effort, more beauty, more harmony, more time for the things of the spirit. Youth itself is crying for a clear, vital statement of spiritual realities.

Play ball, play to the full, but also play these mighty youth forces against ignorance and indifference; in-

veigh against intolerance and prejudice. Play them against established hypocrises, traditions; organize youth against all lawlessness, crime and disease. Let them build a more beautiful city; a safer, cleaner city.

To what inspiring ends might these youth forces be harnessed! The spirit of youth is ready, whatever its years. Its dynamic force is equal to the need of the hour.

Sue and Henry

GIVE the child a chance. Remember it is young —never been here before—hasn't had your experience—everything is new. How is it to learn a lot of things except by bumping into them? Lighten up these bumps and avoid the worst ones, but let him see the result and what happens and why he wouldn't want to make the same sort of a tackle next time. Be a good sport with him. Say, "Well, I guess we'll have to look out for that next time, won't we, Henry?"

How did little Sue know it wasn't just about the finest idea ever to get into her mother's rouge box, and daub on a generous glow of red? When Henry found the can of red paint and proceeded to decorate Tabby's sombre color scheme, why couldn't there be a red cat as well as any other color cat?

Punish a child for these little adventures into his unexplored world? They're all signs of a normal, observing, thinking being. And what fine opportunity to turn such events into interesting lessons! Tell Sue that those little touches of color are used by grown-

ups sometimes who are not very well, to make them look better, or by a good many others who are too busy or too careless to keep themselves in the pink of condition—hence a lazy subterfuge. But Sue as a little girl has such wonderful cheeks, with a glow that won't come off, and while she loves to breathe and play and work in the sunshine, nature paints in the color or brings it out as it does the glow on the peach or the apple.

Now the red cat couldn't catch a mouse or a gopher in a hundred years! Here come in these wonderful studies of how nature adapts the colors of animals to their surroundings, for their safety and convenience, whether grouse or squirrel or polar bear.

Yes, you're too busy or too tired, and it may seem simpler to shake or scold, but why not a few minutes now for lessons and early impressions and understandings? Very soon the growing child may be too busy or too tired or too full of other things for these sweet moments that are yours to command now. A few patient minutes with the child now may save months of trouble later. Some day there will be training schools for fathers and mothers and teachers, with hard exams, too.

Anyway, red is too tempting a color for older folks to leave round within the range of little hands.

IN 1780 it was whispered that a miscreant student in a theological school at Leipsic actually took baths and was denied his bachelor's degree for his modernism!

The Lindbergh Way

And did you once see Shelley plain?
And did you stop and speak with him?

OR did you talk with someone who had seen him, or did you know some relative of his, or did you at one time walk through the woods where young Lindbergh loved to be alone with his dog? Only yesterday we heard one physician speaking of the father of Lindbergh.

After several calls the doctor asked Lindbergh, Sr., just who he was and what was his business. The quiet answer was, "I am your congressman." Incidentally he spoke of spending his vacation going to the source of the Mississippi and coming down again alone in a canoe, and a like venturesome trip in the Upper Lakes.

Congressman Lindbergh was ever ready to aid any cause that he believed was right and needed aid, no matter at what cost. He was said to be twenty years ahead of his time.

Lawyer Lindbergh, like Lincoln, was interested in a case only if it had merit. He refused large sums if he believed the prospective client was wrong. If he believed a man was right he would take the case, and sometimes he was known to pay the expenses of the case out of his own purse. He often spoke of his son, who he said was thought by some to be a sort of queer genius, a boy who liked to play by himself with his own simple belongings and was always trying to find out something new.

For years to come we shall continue to light our

little tapers at that flaming streak across the Atlantic waters. We honor this kid from the farm, not merely because he said to his helpers "Let's go," and jumped into his monoplane and alone cut a new path across the vast Atlantic; not because of several years of study characterized by ability to concentrate on the one thing in hand; not simply because of great modesty after high achievement; but more because he is the concrete symbol of the spirit, courage and daring which at times are felt—not merely in youth, but in every soul. Lindbergh is youth at its best. He incarnates the spirit of youth in each of us, whatever may be our years. He is you and me when we accept the challenge of the unachieved. President Glenn Frank, when giving Lindbergh a degree at Wisconsin university, put it right, "He refused to capitalize the affectionate plaudits of a planet for personal advantage."

An Ambassador of Good Will

Because he was a great ambassador of good will to all peoples, we honor Lindbergh, because he wiped the face of the newspapers clear of crime and pettiness and placed in one paper alone three hundred columns of romantic, daring and clean, sober-minded achievement. We honor him because he knew the quiet of cornfields and deep solitude, because he took time to dream and vision and understand, because he took time to think more than he talked. We needed Lindbergh. We were fed up on jazzy jargon and racy antics. Night life in New York and Paris was beginning to pall; the spirit within us hungered for realities. Then came our

young captain. He made concrete and real for us the thing we longed to be and were not. We saw in him our aspirations, aspirations that persistently spring up amid defeat, anguish and failure. His was not simply a mighty aeronautic or commercial venture and accomplishment. It was a triumph of art. All the beauty of the heart was in it, all the enterprise of the soul, all the high resolves of will and spirit.

We may well honor Lindbergh, and in so doing we proclaim again that man is more spiritual than material. We honor Lindbergh because he embodies the genius of man, the genius that lies deep within the soul of us. In honoring him we are paying a tribute to ourselves, our best, our ideal selves, the selves we sometimes feel we could be and almost reach; in other words, the divinity within us.

List to Thy Soul

WAIT, concentrate, study and brood. Follow the gleam reverently. Yield to the impulse, catch the vision, hold it tenderly, lest you mar its perfect texture. Blend no crass foreign material with its fabric. Keep it from profane intrusion.

Woo and cultivate till your understanding grasps its entity. Only in the atmosphere of stillness, gratitude and expectancy can the infinite soul within find bloom and fruitage. It is while we muse that the fire burns.

When it does, inventions are conceived, ideas born, words given and deeds done that move the world.

Keep the Girlish Figure and Boyish Enthusiasm

KEEP them both. They make for longer life. You can't have a girlish figure if the body is a bit askew. The twist, however slight, makes you one-sided. One hip will be slightly larger than the other, disturbing the set of the skirt. One foot will turn out more than the other, in time affecting the walk. Soon the shoulders will become uneven and in children there will be the beginning of spinal curvature.

Laziness, over-eating and wrong eating will also affect the girlish figure, but it's the twist that makes the structure wrong. It also makes for broken arches. This means larger feet, broad and flattened, and afterward a broken countenance, and all this in time disturbs one's "boyish enthusiasm." When the girlish figure is gone, something is missing; when health is gone, much is gone; but when boyish enthusiasm is lost, all is gone, and Dante was right when he pictured a lot of folks beyond the River Styx while their spiritless bodies still moved or just existed on earth.

The test of living, the test of mentality, is the readiness with which we enthuse over real things. Real things won't appeal unless through the years we observe real things, and study and think about real things; unless we know and feed the spirit on them.

If the glories of an Easter morn, with sparkling dew drops on the grass and the birds carolling in the trees and the sound of children's voices everywhere or the challenge of a real job does not stir something within,

then something within us is lost or needs resurrecting. Tolstoy said, "Few souls have gone so far but what the hope of resurrection is there." The girlish figure, the boyish enthusiasm—cherish them, cultivate them, keep them both. They make for long, happy and useful days.

Nature's "Miracles"

INFANTS, invalids or stalwart swatters, from the daintiest tennis player to Champion Tunney—Nature's way wins. The response of Nature's forces when dealing with diseases in the most delicate child, or the response of these forces in the Babe Ruth homer, the Helen Wills strike, or the Tunney punch is made possible because mind and body hit it off together, because trained hands release the healing forces, because skilled fingers find the slight irregularities that interfere with perfect performance and normal functioning of all parts of the body machine.

Backache or head pain persistent through years; a stomach or gall bladder in danger of surgery; a cold, a fever or pneumonia that might prove serious; to these conditions let an understanding mind and trained fingers minister and Nature's defensive and reparative forces are released, augmented, and normalcy usually restored.

Miracles? Yes, but Nature's everyday miracles. Unfettered Nature, understood and directed, will in these emergencies increasingly work out her daily miracles.

Progressive Thinking

BY nature, a good many men are lazy, indolent and careless. There must be an urge somewhere, a whip or a spur, or they go to sleep.

> The little fleas that bite and tease
> Have other fleas to bite 'em,
> And these in turn have smaller ones,
> And so on, ad infinitum!

Even a dog must have his flea or moon to bite or bark at. We must need have some sort of excitement if we are to keep going. Otherwise, we wither up and run dry, and so we become part of Carlyle's storied tragedy of the man who might have been but was not.

The latest from London brings the refreshing news that hell has been abolished, especially the orthodox sort; but this conclusion may not be an unalloyed good, for with many the idea was something of an inner stimulant, and to others a deterrent. However, folks are still capable of borrowing or originating sufficient for the day's "goings on." Or as Burns put it:

> The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
> To haud the wretch in order.

Every thinking man must be his own researcher; every one must seek and cultivate new ideas, must find better ways for doing his work. All progressive lines of business or professional activity have their research departments, whether it's a better way of washing clothes or a better way of keeping folks well and curing the world's ills.

We stop, look and listen for all sorts of sports, and we do well; but the real sport of intelligent humans

is the simple art of thinking. This is a sport with no closed seasons, no prohibitions or limitations; it's an open field for all comers and as yet not overcrowded.

And when one gets into the way of thinking, he begins observing, making notes, comparing, and is soon getting to some sort of conclusions. This is the beginning of his individual research. But he will hardly stop there. He must have contact with other minds and searchers, and so relate and check up and prove what the facts are—

> I must be measured by my soul;
> The mind's the standard of the man.

The Cycle

A'wearied and spent in the service of men
One must up to the heights to be strengthened again;
Like a river that joyous runs on to the sea,
Turning the wheels where man doth decree,
Lavishly giving to city and field,
Its strength and its beauty ne'er ceasing to yield,
Must after its cleansing in ocean's grim deep
Come back for its power where the mountains are steep,
In cool contemplation, in silence to wait,
Thus only a mighty momentum create.

Informal Exercise

APE the ape and for a few minutes each day swing your head lower than the body if you would possess poise and equilibrium. All animals do this and human beings have a great many animal characteristics in their physical make up. Observe the tiger stretch of cat or dog.

For those who have not grown old, the free forms of dancing, including the barefoot, Isadora Duncan sort, and hand springs are effective, affording the double value of having fun and zest in free open spaces. And don't miss a daily five-mile walk of health insurance; it is the best insurance policy out.

Others may take them in a more formal way by lying on the floor and pillowing up their hips with feet in air with bicycle action, or walking on all fours or weight on neck and shoulders with hips high in air.

Here lies one of the features of digging in the garden with a trowel, or stooping to weed. If you can't afford a garden, throw yourself across a table or bed and let the head and shoulders hang for a minute or so toward the floor.

Steal a five or ten-minute rest during the day and flop down on a hard straight board bench or floor for complete relaxation. At night sleep on a hard bed and prop the pillow at feet for warmth and to take weight of clothes off toes (many a great toe joint is weakened not alone by narrow toed shoes but by weight of well tucked in bed covers). Let children sleep much face down when they will.

Scrubbing floors may not be as popular as it is healthful and the old-fashioned family prayer position held something more than the spiritual values. Blow out a dozen candles every day, pulling abdomen in and up with each blow.

The great benefit is that in this way they change the constant pull of gravity and the circulating fluids of the body are equalized and normalized. The vital nerve centers of the upper extremities are flushed and refreshed, the sag and drag on diaphragm and intestines is relieved and straightened, other organs are lifted and fatigue relieved. Sitting or standing, gravity pulls all day on tired muscles and supports. They need to be relieved and gently jolted the other way.

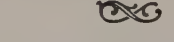
Even a tired horse, at close of the day if given a chance, will find a smooth piece of ground to throw himself down and roll over and over with feet in the air. These positions will greatly relieve chronic indigestion and constipation.

And so Nature pleads for a chance to help you kick off your foolish frills and pasteboard dignity. Get down to nature, sense again the old zest and thrill of freshness that still await. Put your body in order and life will get back its old kick, a kick that you won't have charged up to you the next day.

Be natural, be children again. If this is hard work, let your doctor who understands your body see if he can't put you right so you can put on your overalls and roll and tumble to your heart's delight. All any physician can do for any case is to search and discover the trouble, its cause, and correct it.

If everyone could be taken by his heels and given a bit of a shake, 'twould help a lot, but more ladylike ways have been found for getting the best of old Mrs. Grundy and Bill Gravity.

Such treatments and exercise will overcome tendencies toward a host of ills.



"Genius Dies When It Hears the Clink of Coin"

SO wrote Emerson, and the man who decides his course of action by the color or clink of a coin will never support clinics or build cathedrals. Greed is the great exploiter and destroyer of mankind. While man, like nations and empires, is poor and humbly struggling for an existence, ideals and principles lead and light the way. The danger lies when he begins to rise and temptations touch his soul.

Greed, wherever its gangrenous poison attacks, slowly kills genius. It can't be trifled with.

The thing we've got to do is to kick it out of our hearts. That's where it lodges. The disease isn't confined to any certain group of men in our midst. It will attack the vulnerable whatever he does or wherever he lives. Coin can blind—coin can enslave. There's a something in man that he must obey or suffer loss. It's an inexorable law of life and it's fatal to fight it. Who defies, dies. Yielded to this law you become wielded by it, and all the splendid genius of your soul is saved.

Something More Than Technic

I SHALL never forget one day in a teachers' college at San Jose, California, when Miss Julia Washburn, our instructor in biology, took the simple angleworm from a pan of earth and, after providing us each with one, asked us to observe it for a while. Then she helped us in study and understanding of this little creature's ambulacral and digestive system.

As we listened and observed it had a new meaning for us. We didn't want to step on this interesting little creature when it crawled on the walks after a rain. In our minds it had a new status; we had made a discovery.

We began to see in that living creature a fellow worker, a worker whose silent, unseen program of chewing and grinding was making over this earth of ours. Changing the very chemistry of earth's ingredients, keeping the surface free and liveable, making possible fertile fields and growing crops. Did it cease its labor, crops would fail and man and beast perish from the face of the earth. Earth worms, that most common worm, a co-worker with man and God.

A bit later we reveled in the study of the beautiful star fishes and sea anemones. Someone else might have taken us over this same road, but what counted that day and all through these wonderful years of biology was the inspiration we got as we listened and learned, caught the light in our leader's face as she seemed to come before us out of some holy of holies in the realm of Nature and drew aside the curtains to reveal to us the wonders and beauty of life—even the humblest life.

Pity the teacher who comes dry and empty-handed to classroom, but pity more the hungry minds that are not fed.

There must be a master penetration into the heart of Nature till one comes down from the mountains or up from the sea with a fine exhilaration which makes the face radiant with assurance that wins confidence.

Whether you work with cold clay and granite, as does Lorado Taft, the sculptor, or with brush as did Corot, or with your unaided hands refashioning little children and grown-ups—the technic is essential, but there must be something more than method if the granite is to speak, the canvas inspire, or lives be made new.

Our work is a science, its application an art. Are we copyists or creators? One might copy a Claude or perhaps a Millet, but no one ever successfully copied a Corot. At seventy-one, reaching into the zenith of his power, Corot was still painting and singing, singing and painting, venturing and fearless, putting on canvas visions as he caught them. Joy was in his work, and it lives today.

Why waste energy trying to pose, please, or be proper, when your own creative field awaits your conquest? Beethoven, stone deaf, conducting one of his symphonies by watching the bow of the first violin! Difficulties? Handicaps?

All these had a finesse of approach and technic, but more—that essential something.

A few decades later a reunion of the boys and girls of the old college. And under the oak trees, a luncheon with Miss Washburn, eyes undimmed—her gentle re-

serve, rich memories, inspiring outlook making a day of days. Angleworms and starfish were still interesting but in the biology lesson of that rare hour we had turned a few pages into the wonders of life and being, the biology and functioning of great souls we had known and loved.

Lincoln, or Clemenceau, Jane Addams, or Julia Washburn—it's love, vision, understanding, consecration that fire the spirit, light the eye, lift and lead the world.

My Venture

To venture forth, to grow, to gain,
To ply my powers and boldly train
On goals of high ambition;
To venture on alone in quest
Of all my heart holds dear and best
In low or high position;

It matters not if fame attend;
It matters all the purpose—end
In life's great demonstration,
If I but love and lead and lift
I crave no crown—no higher gift;
This be my consolation.

With strong assurance always near
And truth and duty ever clear,
I care nor praise nor censure.
My way to carve, my work to do,
To self and friends and task be true—
With joy I make my venture.

When a Man Is Fifty

IT often takes about half a century to test an idea, a system, an institution, or a man, and determine the value. Most men must reach the age of fifty before great honor or trust is theirs, but when you have stood the acid test for five decades, then you have a right to be counted as a representative institution of your country. Time and experience have ripened wisdom and judgment. The real man of fifty has learned to think and he usually thinks straight.

He is approaching, or has reached at least some of his goals and the momentum of his dash may carry him far beyond, but here lies the danger. It is hard to slow up. Happy is he who, through these decades, has kept in his heart the spirit of play; fortunate is he who has kept alive and active all the faculties of soul and body.

In this strenuous city of Chicago there are numbers of business men, many of them high executives or heads of big concerns, who devote many hours and days during the month to some line of work altogether foreign to their business. A business man's art club has been organized and has continued for years, and many a man has taken time to develop his taste and creative ability that early cried for expression.

Recent exhibits have shown noteworthy work by some of these busy business men. This is only an example of what many men are doing when they reach fifty. Nature study, music, Boy Scout work, directing a clinic, or even taking a special course in college.

Mothers O'Mine

THERE are testimonials and testimonials—testimonial dinners and testimonial speeches, but a son's words of his mother carry to first place.

In a personal letter recently received from a doctor, he spoke of his late mother—a mother of many years, a mother who had personally and through her sons given much to the world:

"Mother was always happy, cheerful, never irritable, loved everybody, had implicit faith in the honesty and goodness of all. Dear old mother may have given a speck too much credit to everyone, but it was lovely and sweet of her to believe in everyone." These are the sort of mothers to whom the world owes an unpayable debt. The mothers who love and forgive and love again, overlook and tolerate, believing in folks.

Trust everybody and you'll be bitten, we're told, but trust nobody and you'll be devoured.

More folks are harmed by believing too little than by believing too much. Give us millions more mothers who believe in us, who light the way and make life more sweet, comfortable and livable for the sons and daughters of men.

These mothers of men are the heroines who fight the greatest battles of life. They work on and suffer on and love on and believe in us always.

However grown or gray, many of us will come to this holiday season ready to say with the little urchin who, when asked what he wanted for Christmas, replied, "I wisht I had a muzzer."

Just Another Day

AWAKE with the dawn—low lying clouds, lit gayly in one segment by the fires of a distant steel mill.

The commonplace venture of a clean shave and a homely face wash are not to be despised, with a cold needle shower as an eye-opener, all of which helps to early salt the tail of an idea.

A look in an old book: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths." A dip in a late volume: "Nothing that is aware of the creative impulse can stand still." And then—silent moments—moments that have a way of humbling, emptying and filling, at times throbbing with vision and ideas for the day. Just enough natural food; brisk, unhurried strides for the train, newspaper in hand. But why crowd the face into a newspaper when standing room on the rear platform offers a view of an inimitable masterpiece of color in cloud and skies, spread lavishly over great waters.

To the office, with counsel over a new plan in conference with the staff. Orders, schedules, letters and interviews, something begun and something finished, a threatening crisis, a daring but firm decision, plus a bit of humor—all in the day's happy swing. A criticism, a correction, an after-office caller and then fifteen minutes' chat that some way helped to get one out of a threatening rut.

Back again to that best institution—home. A rollicking joust with the kiddies; a spirited ramble in a

lone park—but why not a multitude holding a tryst with the stars on this wind-swept wintry night? A solitary oak with its neighboring elm offers friendly recognition. Our hats are doffed to their bleak, swaying beauty as we pass, while they carol back vigorous songs of the night. The release of the soul comes a little more easily when out under the sky in the freedom of open spaces. Frosty winds sting the spirit awake and call forth the dynamic I within. We drop our penny purposes—choose the thrill of truth rather than the glamor of a lie. "Acres of diamonds" begin to glow in our own backyard—new creative powers begin to stir and the impossible appears attainable.

Tingling with elation, the swing round the last lap of the frozen meadow brings up at the start with a million-sense of something more intimate than breathing, stretching out new spaces within.

A Beethoven sonata from the air, maybe a poem, a bit of old-time fireside exchange, something scribbled, and then to sleep—perhaps to dream, and wake renewed, eager for another day.

Plenty

Plenty of cloud and plenty of sky,
Plenty of sunshine breaking through,
Plenty of love, and that is why
I'm bringing a heart full—all to you.

Tieing the Hands of God

ANTONIO STRADIVARIUS meant this when he said, "It may not be orthodox but I believe that God himself could not make a Stradivarius violin if He did not have Antonio."

Perhaps we would not have had the electric bulb and a score of other conveniences of life if we hadn't had an Edison, or if Edison had refused to study and work.

A masterpiece of painting or sculpture, violins, inventions, books and song—these must be evolved by somebody who will pause and ponder, who will stop and listen, who will wait and brood and so give infinite forces opportunity to express themselves through them in some practical way.

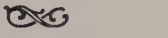
Today and tomorrow and perhaps always are we being bombarded consciously and unconsciously with suggestions and inspirations which if appreciated and seized might lead us toward the hill-tops and into the valleys with enrichment of achievement and service.

SAID Calvin Coolidge—"Doubters do not achieve —skeptics do not contribute—cynics do not create," or, in other words, respect something, believe in something, trust in something—respect, believe and trust or there will be little achieved, less contributing and no creating. Everybody who thinks straight is reverent. He may not admit it or be conscious of it, but it's there, an impelling power within which, should he recognize and hook up with it, would bring him grandly on his way.

Just Walk

MANY of us will never be athletes. No doctor has power enough to turn the trick, but most of us can be a lot different than what we are. We can be athletic in thought and action.

A stroll in the hills, a run through the woods, a carefree walk down some lane, will work wonders. Even in your city park you can delight your soul by kicking your feet about in springtime verdure and catching its fragrance.



What's Wrong With the World?

IT all depends on who's got the soap box, or who's on the rostrum. It depends on who's got you by the ear, trying to broadcast his story, which, of course, is the only story that should be allowed to trot down the pike. A million men would probably give a million different answers. But there are some things that hinder efficiency, disturb one's peace and break into one's happiness. They may be considered little wrongs, little ills; but, if we could sum them up, the results would be appalling. They come from just common, everyday headaches, backaches and footaches

Headaches, backaches and foot troubles may be simple, everyday matters, but they disturb the normal functioning of the body and are a drag on mental alertness. These aches may be only symptoms and, if that is true, your physician will put you through all sorts of laboratory and other tests necessary to find the cause.

He is schooled for the task. But many times, even in some long standing cases, an easy release of some disturbed segment of the body machine will free body forces and clear the whole situation, put you back in the game quickly, with a new store of energy, and then the world's O. K.

A Line or Measure Brief

The times auspicious seem
Beneath the gay indifference,
Above the clash of thunderous might
Life's forces grave are mobilized,
And swelling tides of struggling thought
Cry out for birth with ominous voice,
Yet oft unheard nor understood.

But soul, awake, if from the surge
Of impulses that thrall the earth
You grip one bit of Infinite Truth,
And in the furnace of your heart
A universal tongue can give.
Tho' but a line or measure brief,
Down through the corridors and fields
Unfaltering must it wing and sing,
Till soon it find the multitude
Who wait with hungry heart the Word.

Hurry Never

MAKE haste when needful—when needful. But hurry is something different. Hurry is mussy, fussy and gets us nowhere. By it plans are spoiled, folks disturbed, and another wrinkle is on the way. Understanding of one's task, confidence and a clear vision of the thing desired prevents hurry. Better follow John Burroughs:

> I stay my haste, I make delays,
> For what avails this eager pace?

A few moments' respite at the day's dawning, facing up to hidden forces, may put you off on the right foot and save an otherwise tangled day.

> The world is wide
> In time and tide,
> And God is guide:
> Then do not hurry.
>
> That man is blest
> Who does his best
> And leaves the rest:
> Then do not worry.

Health and beauty are no kin to hurry and worry.

Ashes

WE may not believe it, we may not all see it, but the self-seeker is a suicide. Sooner or later—usually sooner—self-seeking, like murder, will out. Let his camouflage be ever so wily, his real colors show through. Discerning men sense him from the first. He will have none of reason until he is tangled in his own mesh, until the gold and glamour he sought has turned to ashes in his hands.

Are You Tired at the End of the Day?

THERE'S a normal, healthy tiredness that comes from normal work. The big armchair is cushioned bliss. The couch becomes as welcome as a bench will be in a busy lane at that 1933 world's fair.

That welcome sense of resting after labor is one thing. Complete or partial exhaustion is quite another. The latter, whether from mental or physical effort, is a danger signal. It means "Slow up, take a vacation—a rest vacation of the sort that will let these exhausted batteries become restored and recharged."

When it's a great effort to keep awake on the job it were better to stop. When, reading or studying, one feels that warning sense of depletion, stop—even for a few minutes or hours. There's no gain to anyone in forcing one's self ahead then. Accidents happen in factories at the tired hours. Men have discovered that they can do a good year's work in ten months, but not in twelve.

Each one is a study for himself and his physician. Mentally, most of us have not begun to approach a tithe of our possibilities. But we court danger when we forget that sleep, change and absolute rest are Nature's great preventive and curative agents.

Night

We sing of the day and the eventide,
Of the breaking dawn and its gleaming guide;
But night, deep night, when day is fled,
'Tis thou who art mightiest in its stead.

Still, The Teacher

BETTER be a teacher of men than a preacher at men. Better a leader than a leaner, better a lifter than a loafer. This was Still's idea. He taught men truths, he led men into those truths. He lifted men up into such a vision of those truths that when they came down they were never again the same men, never the narrow, earth-fretted, groping creatures they were before they caught something of the vision that Still saw, that Still worked out and that Still lived. That's why he was a master teacher of men. He caught the high vision but his feet kept the contact of good brown soil. His mind and hands wrought 'mid the tangible things of life. Those hands had patience and skill to diagnose lesioned conditions, patience and skill to teach his disciples to find and fix, and to understand something of the causes relating to these lesioned conditions (and in those days there were lesions, even as now).

Few hungry truth seekers sought Still for naught. He was ever giving lavishly, sowing seed by all waters, whether to a pre-freshman, a haughty senior or a doughty caller from the field. Sometimes the freshie got more out of his lesson and demonstration than the others because his mind was more often less "high-browed," less cluttered up, and, while Still sometimes taught in parables—some men never caught his meaning; the thinkers that heard and witnessed could never forget. Sometimes in the vision of the night, or at the bedside, it would all clear and the student would say,

"Now I see that great, simple truth he wanted me to get."

He was ever ready to uncover and smite humbug whenever it got in the way, but he wasted no time snooping about after it—time was too precious and truth too fascinating. He could joke with the jolliest when occasion was fit, but he wasted no time or patience with triflers. Dr. Still struck at the Pharisee and hypocrite in man or method only that he might awaken and save and separate the man from the fallacy. Truth was worth getting, whatever the source, worth salvaging, whatever the cost and whoever the man. Because he picked up certain bits of truth in the allopathic school he did not throw them away when he founded his new school.

Still was not the sort to be afraid of the facts, whatever they were or wherever he found them. Being a real scientist he was as interested in proving his own views wrong as the other fellow's, if research led that way. He was acquainted with the drugs and the surgical methods of his time—their deleterious effects as well as their claims; and because he knew the truth about them, because he understood why they were dangerous to living tissue, and why, at best, they were only a poor or broken crutch, he must perforce search the more eagerly for a better way. And, like Osler and McKenzie, he would warn physicians against reliance on such methods, but, unlike these old school leaders in bemoaning their therapeutic poverty, Still's eager, patient search for more light had happy reward in a

new method, not only of healing but of preventing disease.

It did not seriously concern him that many misunderstood or refused to listen or fought or ridiculed his ideas. As a discoverer and teacher of a great truth he was busy testing out, working out, and making folks well. Strangely different from most of us, he was not seriously concerned that he be given credit for his work, as long as it was being done. But he was jealous of the great principles of osteopathy, that they be kept pure and unalloyed.

His fellowship was not narrowed to any little idea or group. His was a scientific mind. If men outside, whatever their title, degree or lack of degree, had found or gotten the concept of truth, they had entree to him. If they followed not to the last step he was never ready to call down fire to consume them.

He knew the essential value of freedom of thought and action, freedom of teaching and freedom of belief, and he made no stand for a stiff-front orthodoxy, buttoned high under the chin. And while he recognized the great principles and laws of life, he was not foolish enough to conceive that all the ways of man could be made to conform to some man-made mold, ancient or modern.

He was nonconformist himself, and Mother Nature, whom he knew and understood fairly well, has often been found with a bit of nonconformity in her own make-up.

He despised treachery and disloyalty, whether to individuals or to a cause, believed in and did coöperate

to the full in every good work, and so taught. But it was the deeper loyalty to the laws of life and living, and not the trivialities of the hour that his teaching emphasized. He wanted his students in some way to get imbued and saturated with the real issues that pertain to the body and mind. He tried to get them to see and in a measure understand the tremendous significance of these great facts and laws that he proclaimed under the name of "osteopathy." Its reasons and its applications, the marvels of the human body and its eager response when in the hands of those who understood—these were the things which urged him to pour out his very soul that he might help his students to catch, absorb, assimilate, and then go out with this treasure of truth to work out in the cause of health and healing.

Believing that if his students got these essentials as he saw them, he knew it mattered little what else they did, or read, or learned or studied—here was a truth of the ages, and all other truths they might stumble onto or get by sure searching must conform to and more firmly establish the areas of great truth he uncovered for them. Getting the taste, the feel, the understanding of the facts he called "osteopathy," all else would find its way and place logically and naturally, whether methods of application, the technic, the aids, or the adjuncts.

Anatomy, physiology, diagnosis, pathology, treatment—the body's immunities, defensive and reparative forces, the rule of the artery, the relation of structure to disease—all must under this searching light of os-

teopathic truth make clear for all time the purpose and end of his efforts, the great objective in his teaching.

A dry bone was something more than dead matter to Dr. Still. Like Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet-physician, he made even his anatomy classes as fascinating as a romance. Like the angel in the prophet's vision, he made dry bones live. He saw in them the work of the Great Architect Himself. Its form, its features and functions told him a story of amazing wonder and beauty. No wonder he stood in reverent awe before the marvels of Nature, all Nature, and often said to his classes, "Do not put your hands on a patient until you first know the anatomy under your fingers, the physiological changes that are taking place, something of the pathology that may be there, and more than all, that a living soul is within."

The secret of Still's power as a teacher was his constant contact with the sources of knowledge and the more he studied, the more he searched and researched, the more wonderfully they loomed before him.

This same secret, if it enter into his soul, will make any man of even average capacity a power in his place to teach and practice the truths of osteopathy, which are just a part of the great natural scientific evolution of the age.

Success

Many there are who gather gain
Through others' loss and others' pain;
And callest thou such gain success,
Instead, 'tis base unrighteousness.

Yes, better far that men should say
"He failed" than cloud his short'ning day
By one poor coin, or meed of praise,
Gained thro' deceit or wanton ways.

O what is gain or regal show
Unless a regal life's below,
With honest striving of the soul
To reach and claim its royal goal.

Who gives his life, his love, his all
Is rich and strong what'er befall;
And is a man, a brother, friend,
Who'll stand alone and right defend.

What matter then though earth proclaim
Success or failure, praise or blame?
Who braves, who lifts, who loves, who gives,
He it is who serves and lives.

The Underglow

A shimmering sheen tints all the vale,
The gray geese rise through the marshy haze,
Montezuma's hills blend with the cloud,
The joy of life through all ablaze.

Neglect Not "A Slight Cold"

TWO nationally known men died recently of acute conditions which were first noticed as slight colds. "A slight cold"—one that begins and hangs on, whether in old or young, weakens the resistance, and may be dangerous. It is the beginning of disease that needs attention. Call your physician early in winter diseases. Pneumonia and kindred conditions are too prevalent and too serious and swift to dally with.

The Turn of the Tide

IF you have ever been down and out with some severe attack of illness you know how the very soul of you feels the need and clutches at help—some hands, or words of hope and assurance.

Sometimes it may be a simple couplet that serves:

I am fearless, I am free,
Only good can come to me.

Sometimes it is lines that gush from the heart of a poet, as these from Wilcox:

That which you most desire awaits your word;
Throw wide the door and bid it enter in.
Speak and the strong vibrations shall be stirred;
Speak and above earth's loud unmeaning din
Your silent declarations shall be heard:
All things are possible to God's own kin.

Away into her seventies a little mother had come through difficulties and sorrows not a few, with a spring in her step and a light in her face, and this was the way her heart expressed it:

He was better to me than all my hopes,
Better than all my fears.
He made a bridge of my broken works
And a rainbow out of my tears.

It may take a lilt of a bird, or as a young girl writes, "The familiar strains from a hand organ in the street below caught up the depleted strings from my heart and from that moment a new sense of strength."

A young philosopher, laid low for a period, found in poetic words like these renewal of his failing grip on life:

Yet doth remain metal unmarred,
To each man more or less,
Whereof to fashion perfect loveliness.

Scrubbing the Floor

A MIDDLE-AGED woman from an aristocratic section went into her physician's office for examination after an auto mishap. Outside of some disturbances in the cervical region and pelvis caused by the accident, easily corrected, the patient was found to be in good health.

"One thing," said she, after a few specific exercises were outlined for her, "I've made it a habit when I've felt out of sorts—headache or nerves—to get down on all fours and scrub the floor. I used to have to scrub my own floors, but now that I have plenty of help I do so for relief."

No better exercise, for many reasons. It relieves the downward pull of gravity, helps to normalize circulation in vital parts, and restores them to place.

Worth the Repair Bill

TAKE care of your body machine. A little overhauling, a little repair work, and the family auto is almost as good as new. Now with the body there is one thing sure, you can't get a new model next year. Hence it would seem that as a matter of economy and foresight that we make the best of our present model. Get it fixed now while it is worth fixing. Most people are worth the repair bills and more. But 800,000 people in this country will die this year from preventable or at least postponable diseases.

The mechanician who examines your body machine must be an expert on bodily conditions. He should be able to put his fingers on the trouble, if there is any. A bit of thorough inspection may prove you are in Class A condition and save hours of worry. A spinal articulation examination is one of the first essentials, but it is only one of the essential factors. Anyone knows enough to call a doctor when he is down sick, but it is a wise man who considers the ounce of prevention and takes health by the forelock.

If a man's mind and body doesn't purr along like a happy singing motor the whole day through, there's a drag somewhere. He hasn't the right sort of gas in his cylinders, or the spark plug needs adjusting and he will never make the grade of the peak on high or reach the century goal for which he was planned and physically built.

When Christmas Time Comes Round

When sky and hopes are hard to find,
  And slippery paths that lift and wind,
There breaks a singing o'er the hills,
A multitude of joyous thrills,
  When Christmas Time comes round.

And sometimes in the shadowy night
  A sweet remembrance gleams abright;
And visions lost now rise and sink,
We hush the heart and think and think
  When Christmas Time comes round.

Though feet have kept the trail afar,
  If clearer gleams the wondrous star,
If friends are better understood
  And hearts forgive, Oh! then 'tis good
That Christmas Time comes round!

A Child's Evening Prayer

Now I lay me down to sleep,
God, Thy child in safety keep;
Thou dost love me and art near,
Trusting Thee I have no fear;
Sweet I'll sleep till morn does break,
Then to love and labor wake;
Bless my dear ones, friends and all,
Wake me at the morning's call.

That Vacation Call

I'm tired of four walls and a ceiling.
I have need of the sky.
I have business with the grass.
I will up and get me away
Where the hawk its lone way is sailing
And the drifting clouds pass by.

THE discerning obey this impulse—a hint to the wise is sufficient.

Break away, climb the hills, burrow in the sand. Leave the city a blur behind. Roll among the lupine on poppy-covered slopes, catch the earth's fragrant breath. Wander away among rhododendron and azaleas and taste the freedom of the mountaineer.

The winds from the sea and hills will blow their own freshness into you and if you are lucky enough to find a storm catch up a double measure of its energy.

Dream and vision throughout all those "daisy, hazy, lazy days," and then when you have come to your new self again and feel you must go back to the tasks, just stay on and have another three days "knee deep in June."

If You Love

The best of all that man has wrought is yours
If you love.
Who buys with barren gold
Is but the keeper of the store,
'Tis only his who loves and understands the lore.

Shoes

AS easy as an old shoe—nothing makes for health and good nature like a pair of shoes that fit and feel right.

Find shoes with nearly a straight inside line that do not pull the toes together or cramp the free flexible foot joints.

Shoes should allow for natural spread if we are to keep the foot in suppleness and freedom.

Shoes, especially our early shoes, have spoiled numberless pairs of perfectly good feet. Insist on nothing but free, easy fit. High heels may be all right for the evening party, but for every day, sensible heels are better and safer.

How many good feet have you? No part of the body is quite so beautiful to behold as a normal foot. Most abnormal feet can be corrected. Then keep your feet normal by exercises, with examination and treatment, when needed, but withal look out for your shoes if you expect to be happy on your feet.

Your Best

In health and taste the body dress,
Keen and calm the mind possess,
Heart bear all that's wholesome, kind,
The best in thee—then all shall find.

The Mobilization of Youth

CAPITALIZE the gang spirit in youth. Youth must worship something. It must have its ideals and idols. Its dynamic energy must tie up somewhere. It chafes for action. It hungers for real jobs. Youth didn't fail us a decade ago. It won't now. Let these school children have a chance to choose from our Lindberghs, our Herricks and Hoovers, from our Helen Wills and our Jane Addams. Bring these great souls or their story before every school in the land. Let our Lorado Tafts, our poets and artists, our select business and professional men, come often before the school assemblies with their stories. Youth wants example. Our teachers and superintendents will welcome these breaks into schedules and curriculums.

Put the challenge up to youth. All they need is understanding and a bit of wise leadership and the example of their elders. Here is a mighty host of millions of youth, an army with physical and spiritual force, ready to be mobilized against crime and war, against filth and disease, to overcome race and creed prejudices.

There is only one here and there—perhaps one in a thousand, who wants to go wrong.

There is a dearth of poise, a famine of solitude, among not the youth alone but their elders as well. More self-discipline in the home and more health experts, more inspiration, and there will be fewer police calls.

Dis Good Ole World

Some people dey say
'Tis a hard ole world,
Wid nothin' dat is good to see.
Dey frets an' frowns
'Till dey gets all surled;
But dey's not de kine fo' me.

Chorus

'Tis a jolly ole world,
A good ole world,
A good ole world fo' me;
Yes, a jolly ole world,
A good ole world,
A good ole world fo' me.

I'se heard dem sing
Ob de good ole time
Away back yonner in de past;
But to me dere's nothin'
Like de present clime
Wherebber my lot be cast.

I tell you what
I like de best
In dis ole world fo' me—
To be wid my honey
In our cozy nest,
Jes' down by the ole elm tree.

'Tis den I gadder
My chilun three,
Up in de ole arm chair—

Bobbie on my shoulder,
Topsy on my knee
And Sally rides hoss to de fair.

So I don't care wedder
It shine or blow,
Or de cane grow short or tall;
Dere's plenty ob sweetness
In de sap dat flow,
For Sally and Molly and all.

So be jolly, my brudder,
Fer de good time's here,
Wid a better time comin' bime-by;
De troubles don't count
Wid glory so near,
And a home for eber on high.

Forgiveth and Healeth

CONTENDING, stumbling, sinning, aspiring humanity, tired or at times seemingly indifferent, hungers for healing and forgiveness. Like children when the day is done, we cuddle down to peaceful dreams because we forgive and are forgiven, because healing hands have brushed away trouble from the brow and soothed pain at the heart. We are never so grown-up or proud but that sometimes we want to know "Who forgiveth all our sins, Who healeth all our diseases." "I forgive everybody everything every night" will help to make it all a fact.

The Woman In It

FEW men are so big and complete as not to need the ballast and balance that the goodness and inspiration of the right woman can give. She is often the silent partner that makes a man's goal possible.

Such women are never shallow opportunists. They have no time nor do they try to trim their sails to the passing breeze in order to steer their little boat into the ports of their own particular desires. They are not seekers but givers. If you find them you must search for them like fine gold, and then with dignified reticence they answer the call.

These women are concerned with the real issues, often like the talented wife of Carlyle, who submerged herself in his work. Then, the great man awakes some dawn with a new consciousness of his pettiness and temper and goes down the long pathway alone crying, "If I had only known." Pathetic, sometimes, are the world's tardy tributes.

Biography often reveals characters whose greatness was made more tender in the crucible of sorrow, through the patient care of one dear to them. Only a few men, the records indicate, achieve in spite of those who should have inspired. Even then there was often the memory of a mother or someone whose guiding star never set. Great men have ever touched divinity at some shrine—alone on a mount—or in the depth of some solitary night—and usually some woman's finer soul has led the way.

"Guinea Pig Doctors"

SAID Dr. Lyman Wilbur, when President of Stanford University, "We do not want our young physicians trained by guinea pig doctors." What he meant was that in our great universities we are depending too much on laboratories, too much on animal experimentation, too much on theory, and not enough on practical experience and study of the human body and its own natural defenses.

There is too much forgetting the patient himself in our cold and protracted laboratory methods. The patient wants a doctor who takes hold at once to give the relief that Nature is calling for in her fight against disease, where an hour's delay might prove fatal. We have been treating diseases rather than persons.

Too much remote study and absent-handed, absent-minded treatment. When one is ill, it's first-hand attention and first-hand interest and skill that heart and hands reach for and eyes search and hope for above all else. When despair grips what a sense of assurance and peace to call a physician whom he has learned to trust. To have found a physician who takes an interest, gives of his skill, his love and constant care, is like finding a boon that the gods alone can proffer to folks in need.

Folks Were Not Made for Doctors

DOCTORS are made to cooperate with Nature in caring for humans. Instead of working with the

Creator, we too often get in His way and muss up affairs and so folks suffer many things of many physicians. Mother Nature has been on the job a good many millions of years and knows a lot more than any upstart of a doctor, whatever his school or training. A physician had better study to show himself approved of her before he steps in where angels fear to tread.

Physicians and surgeons have no proprietary rights in the general public that anyone is bound to respect. The public was not made for them and what would please the people not a little would be for the different schools to cease foolish costly wrangling in local and legislative halls and get together for the general good.

Give every man and school that holds to high standards and has anything for the good of the world, a chance to develop it and prove its worth, and when he has proved it, a chance to practice unhampered.

More Conservative Surgery

A PHYSICIAN cannot be excused, who knowingly or ignorantly delays a necessary operation that makes for the life and health of one who is entrusted to his care.

But surgical conservation is beginning to obtain among the ablest men. At a recent medical congress several doctors severely scored the appendectomy "fad," and the carelessness of physicians in attempting wholesale surgical operations for intestinal disorders. Said one of the surgeons: "There are more unneces-

sary operations and fewer necessary ones performd on the appendix than any other organ of the body." Too many of these inoffensive articles are preserved in alcohol instead of being permitted to perform their legitimate functions!

Surgeons, if they expect full confidence, must be just as ready to preserve the integrity of tissue as to extirpate.

The man who pauses for a moment over his puzzling case and takes time to think with his fingers and eyes understandingly, usually does the right thing, and if we don't know what to do, suppose we don't do it. The great values that have been given to humanity have come because physicians and others have paused, watched phenomena, and reasoned.

Laying fast hold of proved truth as a sure basis, we shall keep open mind toward the greater truth that may develop, but those who depend upon drugs or surgery for curing disease lean on a crutch and often a broken one.

The surgeon is not always to blame. Not infrequently a woman thinks or somehow gets the idea that she needs and must have an operation. But as family physicians we must often stand between our patients and the hand of the specialist.

Handicaps or Wings

OUR limitations are often self-imposed. By our sloth or indifference, we forge the chains that bind us. We do the thing we should not, and then suffer the things we would not. Laws there are as irrevocable as those of the Medes and Persians. But man may be captain of his soul—master of his body, and what was not can be,—and is—if he will. He can conquer fate when he learns to work with rather than against natural laws—when he learns that these marvelous laws were made to serve him. What manner of man might he be if he rise from his dead self, step up and step out?

Handicaps? Handicaps often stimulate growth of wings and wings mount and soar.

Helen Keller writes, "As I walk about in my chamber with unsteady feet my unconquerable spirit sweeps skyward on eagle's wings. I thank God for my handicaps for through them I have found myself, my work, and my God."

True Heart

My heart had labored to be brave,
The way had turned so rough and steep;
And goals so treasured through the years
Seemed all but lost and naught to reap.

You came and locked your strength with mine,
And said "Be strong, you'll triumph yet,"
And darkening days grew light and sweet,
With hope your faith in me begat.

The Secret of Henry Ford

BERNARR MAC FADDEN, editor of Physical Culture, gave a very compact and illuminating story over the radio with reference to Mr. Ford.

We were informed that Henry Ford is something of a physical culturist himself, at least as far as simple, sane living is concerned. His work is play for him. He studies, creates and like Edison, his good friend, finds great sport in thinking out new ideas, reaching into the unknown and bringing out some of the hidden wonders of mechanics or other schemes.

A human dynamo—Ford, but running so smoothly that he does not burn himself out as most men would before they are fifty. No breakfast, no liquor, no tobacco. No overfeeding, which dopes the mind and body, but frugal dieting for health. Ford emphasizes that in this intricate, exacting machine age we can't carry alcohol risks.

A body alive and active in keeping with an alert mind—he only laughs at the suggestion of retiring. His sixty-some summers leave little trace of age or sign of weariness. Never a leaner, a man of peace, and yet ready to fight for his own ideas.

By right living latent talents are awakened. Otherwise we become a neutral something. Every soul hides a genius of Nature that might be brought to life.

Ford husbands his physical forces. Only so could he have reached the splendid heights and achievements which he has attained, and yet he feels that it is not his personal aggressiveness but the fact that he has caught the force of the great urge.

Seeing Things

THE Art Institute is one of Chicago's greatest humanizing, Christianizing, civilizing and Americanizing factors. All classes, races and creeds come there and fraternize in a common language. Art has but one language—a language that may be understood and keenly felt by different tribes, races and people. Those thickly hung walls are eloquent. Whatever the subject—beauty or love, frolic or war, nature and mystery, all find a common understanding, and somehow a common human interest. Millet with his "New Born Calf," Breton's "Song of the Lark," George Inness' "Rosy Morning," "After the Storm" or "Sunset" Monet's "Haystacks," Cazin's "Harvesters"—whatever the medium or method of expression, we come away seeing things in a little clearer light, conscious that the message of the artist has some way, even if faintly, reached us. The purpose of the artist is to open eyes, to awaken understanding, and then color and beauty and rapture begin to seep in, till all the world is an art gallery, and every figure, every sky and bog grows translucent and resplendent before us, just as

> Poems hang on the berry bush
> When the poet's eye is nigh,
> And the streets begin to promenade
> When Shakespeare passes by.

Ulcers May Be Avoided

ULCERS of the digestive tract can be cured, but it is so much more sensible to prevent. One cannot continue to overeat, become constipated, overworried, or wearied without inviting trouble, and ulcers are among the most common results. If long neglected they may become serious matters.

There are other predisposing causes—congestion in the duodenum, stomach, or other part of the long tract; a dropping down of the parts so as to interfere with the drainage and blood supply; a slowing up or stasis of lymph; a disturbance in the part of the spine which controls that segment.

After the anatomical conditions are corrected there should be rest and a carefully regulated diet. Many an operation has been avoided and surgery is, at best, only a last resort.

That "plenty of rich and nourishing food" prescription may have cured its thousands, but it has slain its tens of thousands. Sometimes it is well to remember that what you don't eat won't hurt you.

Stay Well

HEALTH protective measures are economical as well as effective in helping people to stay well.

In many communities the idea is becoming quite a fad; but it isn't a fad; it's just plain, ordinary, good common sense in safeguarding that most precious and practical asset—health.

Could We Remember

TO begin now our kindly interest in folks and not wait for stated occasions:

When thoughts of others come to us, take a moment to think with them;

That health, like charity, should start at home and may be right now within our reach;

That most of us quit when there is little or no occasion;

That we are never down and out until we think we are and often not then;

That world peace must also begin at home;

That ill will at the heart injures the ill-willer;

That a bit of early self-discipline pays marvelous dividends down through the decades;

That what this old world needs isn't "a good five cent cigar" but a shout of cheer now and then that shall ring, sing and echo round the jolly old globe;

A little less scolding for child and adult and a little more "keep on, you're doing a lot better";

That a new idea on health, like any new idea, has to take its time to find its way;

That it is largely as a man thinketh, and that an attitude of gratitude and great expectancy while on the present job will in due season fill our cup with just about everything we need.

That dawns have not grown dull or stupid, nor sunsets hopeless;

That the skylark has not lost its note, neither the faithful little warbler in the hallway;

That in spite of fire, flood and thunder blast, Nature has not ceased her healing and rejuvenating and right now is originating and coöperating on another program of amazing splendor and beauty.

That while human beings are not yet free from prejudice and suspicion, there is still a light in the eyes of the aged, a smile on the face of the child and faith at the heart.

Eliminate Tooth or Tonsil When Proved Guilty

WHY sacrifice a tooth or tonsil that has befriended you through the years, worked for you and fought for you, when perhaps it is wholly innocent? The real culprit may be wrong food, clogged digestive tract or vertebral lesion, disturbing the function. Bone building food and plenty of tooth exercise and a bit of care, will insure most teeth against trouble.

17,500 Young Lives Saved Yearly

MORE than 17,000 young lives are saved each year, according to a statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, who has, without prejudice, been delving into the question of prohibition and its influence upon life and health, its effect on the mortality charts.

Vicarious

Straight, clean, of mind and limb,
Young manhood of the hour,
You'll cleanse the world we've made
Through lust of greed and power.
Our sin-stained hands unfit
Fair Freedom to defend,
Your arms so fresh from God,
Alone have power to mend.

And must you give—a world redeem?
Again—a cross—and Calvary?

The Rift

Imposing stood the granite block,
A challenge to the sculptor's skill,
But artist's eye was keen to note
A marked defect within the rock.

He did not cast the piece aside,
And after days of anxious toil
There gleamed a form with matchless lines,
So wond'rous was the art he plied.

A man stood forth on life's highway,
A scar had marred the splendid face,
But in his soul a purpose flamed,
A chastening power yet holding sway.

On through the years this keen heart fought
In common touch with men and felt
The lure of ill, the force of good,
Which seeing—men took heart and wrought.

Legs, Luck and Living

MLLE. MISTINGUETTE, the French dancer, has a pair of limbs worth a million; at least they are insured for that amount. And when legs get into the million-dollar class they are no longer just plain legs.

Tunney's legs, evidently, from the opinion of the best authorities, are in the same class, for they figured in his million-dollar bout.

Whatever the job, legs are the chaps that get you there and bring you home again with the bacon.

Jess Willard's legs were pillars of strength and because of them he was a hard man to place on the floor. Ty Cobb, Eddie Collins and Babe Ruth all boast of splendid legs. Tilden, the famous tennis star, has had perfectly functioning legs, all of which again proves the tremendous value of legs in athletic callings.

But what makes good legs, straight legs, beautiful legs? First, a good inheritance is always to the good. But the care of the child's developing years of growth is a bigger factor. The right food, with sunshine and exercise, works wonders with even rickety limbs. Annette Kellerman started with legs almost paralyzed. But where could one find more grace and beauty of limb and form. This girl became what she determined to be, in spite of a handicap.

After all it's not just legs that win. It's more what's in that little dome atop the pedestal. How does the mind function?

It's the Lindy spirit; "it's the set of the sails and not

the gales" that determines the goal. It was his head —his generalship—that won. It was Lindy's will and courage that carried him over. In every instance of signal success, back of it all were years of training in the care of details, plus wholesome living. It's what you were yesterday and today and what you aspire to be tomorrow that determines it all. Colonel Lindbergh knew every inch of his plane and went over it carefully every day. He is daring, but he takes no foolish chances.

The lucky fellow is the man who does not depend on luck.

With legs, the common cause for trouble is in the pelvis. A slight twist puts the delicate machinery wrong.

A Babe Ruth homer doesn't just happen. It's because trained body and mind hit it off together.

Whether you aspire to beauty or service, a little care and forethought now will put off the evil day when you may be "weak on your pegs."

Play Keeps the Doctor Away

LISTEN to them, talk to them, romp with them till they say some day, "Oh, daddy, you are a good sport."

They are the best little liver regulators in the world. Five or thirteen minutes playing bear or leap frog or Indian every day may save you a breakdown and keep the springs of youth from being clogged at their source.

Get Into the Game Yourself

THE trouble with most athletic sports is that too few engage in them, and too many sit on the bleachers, sweat or freeze, become hysterical or catch cold. This vicarious method is not the most satisfactory way to take exercise. It should be a daily proposition, entered into eagerly, playfully. Making too serious work of it spoils the effect.

Exercise according to your age, condition and opportunity. A simple tensing and relaxing of muscles—stretching, twisting or wringing, all help to relieve congestion and increase circulation, and so oxygenize every cell in the body. That is the great purpose of exercise.

Body corrective work, lifting the abdomen, pulling up the diaphragm, pushing out the air, then slow, deep in-breathing—these two make a handsome team that will carry you many leagues on the way toward vigorous health and efficiency.

"It is encouraging to note that one good-sized city," says Bruce Barton, "boasts of 430 hockey teams, 900 soft ball teams, 100 soccer, 40 Rugby, 150 hard baseball teams, besides all the track and field athletics, and other cities can likely do the same in proportion to their size."

High School and College Students

TO contact youth today, whether from the rostrum of great assembles, in their classrooms, with their teachers, catching their questions and answers,

or in a personal way with their frank open-mindedness and blithe way of meeting problems, is a rare privilege and experience for anyone. More than two hundred thousand of these young men and women, future citizens, from New York to Montana, or from Florida to California, are enough to give a cross-section impression and thrill that nothing else can equal.

Mental alertness, audacity and daring, ability to pierce through sham and hypocrisy in their search for real facts, commend them to any observer. The response they give, its measure and enthusiasm when outright appeals are made and challenges offered, speaks mightily for the future of the race.

They are years ahead of what we were at their age. We are apt to talk down to them about trifles when their eager souls are hungry for real things.

They are ready to tackle a job that is too big for them, measure up and make good. They are not afraid of God, man, or the devil, but they believe a lot in the infinite fire and forces of spirit within them. If they do not find the challenge of great tasks and ideals, they may fling their arrows to the winds. There is no youth problem that is not your problem and mine. When any boy or girl is in difficulty you and I are in trouble.

Altogether, no age or race was ever peopled with such an upstanding, forward-looking generation of able-bodied, clear-minded, true-hearted youth as can be met today in our schools and colleges.

Why Is an Artist?

WE hear a great artist and we wonder and marvel at the reach of her power and we go away saying it is a great gift. And we are correct—inherent power and faculties are gifts, but the great gift is cultivation—cultivation—and cultivation is something one gives oneself. Cultivation is what Galli-Curci gave herself and keeps on giving herself all the days and years, vacations and all. Cultivation is not simply hard work and practice—it is all that—but it is much besides. Read her story and you learn how this prima donna spends hours in her Catskill meadows, raking hay, playing with her dogs and goats, studying her gardens, valleys and far vistas; but her heart and feet, too, often lead back to her "clinic kiddies" in the big brown city. Her heart is in her fields and with the children and these fields and children and the thousands who fill her auditoriums are all in her heart.

Now go and listen to her and you will understand why she makes you know the thrill of just living; you will know why she makes you scent the fragrance and beauty of spring blossoms in open fields; the stimulating storm terrors of midnight, the sweetness of sunny childhood, or the fragrance of wildgrape at twilight.

The artist sees, feels, cultivates, and out through the medium of a matchless voice come the stories and pictures that move and electrify. Galli-Curci is just giving you of herself. Just sharing her own life with you. Giving from out of the abundance of her heart. That is all.

A Little Red Chair

A COLUMNIST on the editorial page of a daily paper tells her millions of readers that after three years of sorrow for the loss of her son she is putting her love to work again and has bought a little red chair —a little red chair for a son she is soon to adopt, and now she is out to find him.

What a lot of hearts and homes would find new life and health, new beauty and joy breaking forth all about them, if they would go at once and do likewise—buy a little red chair!

A Tip on Beauty From David Belasco

"A WOMAN who desires to keep her beauty has no right to drink," said Belasco; "it is not a question of morals, it is a question of the selfish exercise of common sense. However, if a woman must drink, which is questionable in my opinion, she must by all means be a brunette. Five years of a drink every day will find a blonde looking haggish, dissipated and worn."

From Brisbane's column we learn that careful laboratory tests and observation prove that smoking by women not only affects internal glands but, because of their delicately organized nervous system, practiced to excess, will in time disturb the whole mechanism, causing redness of nose and much beard on the face. Lorand says that eventually the fat layers under the skin, in a smoking woman, become broken down, and the face and body show a shallow, shrunken appearance.

Noise a Health Menace

WE have always known from our infancy that noise was a disturbing factor. Indeed, we were one of those factors ourselves about that time.

In the home, in the office, or on the traffic-laden streets, noise disturbs. We are beginning to measure its influence in a scientific fashion.

Dr. Kegel, health officer of Chicago, points out that noise is a health hazard; that it requires nineteen per cent more energy to perform duties in noisy places than in quieter ones.

It is a noisy world we live in and if these figures approximate the facts, it's time to relieve this needless strain. A good place to begin is at home—a low modulated voice, ease and grace of manner and motion, adjusting ourselves to other people and seeking to allay rather than irritate.

Ninety people were killed last year by fire crackers, three thousand were injured, but this takes no account of the tens of thousands and more that were seriously injured by the shock and noise of such celebrations or by the constant wear and tear of the average city street corner. The loop section of Wabash Avenue, Chicago, is said to be the noisiest street in the world.

JOBS, opportunity, responsibility, honor and plenty, come to the man who has patiently been getting ready for them.

Remove the Cause

TEACHERS and parents today know that a child may be considered dull when the trouble is in the eyes or ears, or when it has adenoids or is undernourished. But too many parents and teachers do not know that the bony and soft tissues of the body should be examined every six months, because these structural discrepancies are causative factors in many other specific ills.

Is It I?

All folks askew, the rain is wet,
The sunshine's gone awry,
There's nothing good on land or sea—
Or, is it only I?

A sparkling glint on grassy glade,
While wingéd ships dance by,
Is it a dewy morn in May—
Or, is it only I?

All faces running o'er with mirth,
And not a frown to spy,
The sunset glows a gorgeous flame—
Or, is it only I?

O'er poppied hills white cloudlets rise
Embracing deeps of sky,
Now is it California?—
Or—is it I?

Poems and Feet

THIS is the title of a recent poem by Angela Morgan in which she discourses on how determined she is to find shoes of proper make and fit:

"I'll never limp or hop
For silly fashion's sake."

But soon the clerk is showing her how stylish her feet look shod in "stylish" shoes as she stands, and the price is

"Just twenty—that is all,"

and away she goes again to "Gad the frozen streets"

"In stockings light as air,
Oh, how do women dare
Conduct themselves that way?"

And yet men are only a little less foot foolish. The army examiners had to turn down thousands of our young men because of bad feet—flat foot—broken arches.

Those conditions can be corrected. "Foolish feet" in men or women and more foolish shoes cause a lot of the trouble—shoes too narrow, shoes too short—stockings too short. Sprained ankle is another cause. Sprains cause slips in the bony structure of feet. Never were doctors giving so much study to feet as now.

If feet interest you find out about them. Feet are never fussy without reason. Some day we will check up on all our bodily members before we are checked up by them.

If Thou Wilt

Up from couch of ease,
Where late success hath left thee
All too well content.
Is this full measure of thy gift,
Thy strength so soon forspent?
Who but laggard stops—to count the work begun.
Thine to measure for the large,
If thou wilt.

What though thy life seem hid in busy mart,
Or in some waste place find its lot,
Dig deep for rock, rear high thy tower,
Thy fires full orbed,
And soon or late
Men their way will blast and bridge
To pay thee homage,
If thou wilt.

If strong harmonious life await
The glory of the sky and hill is thine,
With heart for every song or tear
And kinship with all great
Whose thought compels.
If thou but patient work and list the while
All—all thy heart's desire is thine,
If thou wilt.

"Vestigia"

WE ARE not all immune to the higher instincts of life. The tinkle of coin is not the only bit of music that reaches our ear and finds response. Though it often seems otherwise, there is in the hearts of most people, young and old, children especially, a hunger and a relish for the finer arts, whether it find its expression in nature's wonders, a great painting or the simple song of a poet. It depends so much upon how the matter is presented.

There is a way in, but if the approach is brusque and severe, the natural instinct is to tighten up like one of those sea anemones when danger or something that forbodes unpleasantness approaches.

Gentleness, patience and sunny tactfulness uncover the glory and color of the sea anemone, or bring out the wondering depths of developing minds.

An instance of this occurred in Toronto some time ago where a dull class, the despair of the English teacher, was aroused to the highest pitch of interest and research by a study of one of our contemporary poets who died recently. One of the crudest boys in that class came later to his teacher inquiring about "more chaps who write stuff like Bliss Carman." It is interesting to note that the favorite of all the readings given by this traveling artist, before the class, was "Vestigia," which opens:

I took a day to search for God,
And found Him not. But as I trod
By rocky ledge, through woods untamed,
Just where one scarlet lily flamed,
I saw His footprint in the sod.

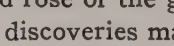
"Who Sticked the Feathers on the Robin's Breast?"

A TEACHER in the Hull House district of Chicago, after a week's Nature study, asked each little urchin to write down something learned or discovered that week not known before. All were busy for a few moments and then up went a sea of hands. Tony's was first, and standing up bravely he read:

"Who sticked the feathers on the robin's breast? I know. God done it."

We will forgive his grammar. He will get that straightened out after a while. But even if he doesn't, little matters when Tony has made a great discovery like that.

Who sticked the feathers on the robin's breast? Who put the color in the cheek of a child or the soft hued petals on the wild rose or the glory in the evening sky? What intriguing discoveries may yet be ours!



That Little Nap in the Middle of the Day

SIX HUNDRED girls at the Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri, are finding an appreciable scholastic improvement from this little nap—according to the reports of faculty members.

This is in keeping with careful scientific study of the requirements of mind and body. It gives both a chance to catch up, prevents irritation and saves many an impending break. If this is good regime for college girls, why not for the rest of us?

What Shall the Young Graduate Do?

YOU'D better not consider becoming any sort of physician, unless you have a sincere, all-compelling desire to prevent and alleviate human ills. Stay out, unless you hunger to serve, unless you have a passion to give yourself up unreservedly to the science and art of teaching and healing mankind.

The work of the physician is a calling, a mission, not a business venture or trade. He who works here must labor with skilled hands, a clear brain and a right heart. He must have vision, understanding and consecration, or else let him not encumber or desecrate a field that has to do with the mighty issues of life and death.

If you would enter this field, first gather, from unprejudiced sources, and then investigate the facts connected with the title osteopathic physician and surgeon.

Before you can enter one of our colleges, you must have an educational background; you must have had college training, or at least have completed a regular four-year high school course. Then you take four full years of hard work, to be checked up by means of college examinations and practical experience in all departments of the practice of a physician.

After that the state boards line you up for several days with practical quizzes, on which you must receive high grades before you are eligible for a state certificate to practice your chosen profession.

But why should one trouble to become a physician at all, when there are thousands of ways to make a

living and to get on in the world? Only because to certain men and women the difficult tasks and the high prizes of life hold a unique challenge.

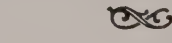
If one is to meet this challenge, to tackle the ills of the world, he should wish to meet the issues with the most complete, modern scientific and effective equipment available.

There must be no flaws or lack in his armamentarium when the hour of trial comes.

So come with your enthusiasm; come with all the high-powered energy you can command, and, like the mighty river, harness up for the big job of life.

There is a magnificent focusing glass in Washington which is able to condense the sun's rays so as to melt a steel rail, and no man gets very far till he begins to center his efforts and tackles some of the real jobs that the world offers—he must answer some call with all the power of his being.

Fear no challenge that dares you out of mediocrity.



Ancestry

ONE need have little worry about his ancestry. It is the ancestry he is now sculpturing or growing that may well concern him or, even more, his children. It is true that if our ancestors were monkeys there is little we can do about it, but if we are going to the dogs we can detour.

Play Golf

MOST everybody's doing it, and those who don't are getting ready to. It seems to be the one popular sport that the boy of thirteen and the grandfather of eighty and three enjoy equally well. We find them both on the course, and the women are making a good second. It is one game that takes you out into the open fields and makes you forget more things and absorb things at the same time than any other venture available to the ordinary individual. As one familiarly expresses it: "I never lose a game of golf. I always win four of the five points and sometimes the fifth—sunshine, good fellowship, exercise and the open air, and the fifth, the game."

The idea of many of us is that the good country across the Great Divide is composed of superb golf courses, with link after link banked with tapestries of verdant trees, enclosing rich greens and fairways, by dimpling lakes, topped by azure skies—in other words, a golf course to the nth degree, where

> ——zephyrs bear upon the breeze
> Perfumes from ever-vernal trees.

At least you feel this way as you saunter from one inviting green to another. Of course there are a few slices, hooks, stabs, toppings and other wild maneuvers that test one's temper, but you can even learn to forget these when the next drive sends the little white ball careening down the fairway.

No doubt about golf taking the mind off the worries of business and business itself. Sometimes the question

is how to get the mind back again. If it's a dollar per hole, then it's work and not play.

In recent studies of a large number of golfers it has been determined that, with rare exceptions, a good golfer must have a good body. There must be suppleness, muscular tone and normal alignment. A deeply contracted muscle or a shifted ligament, or one little rigid segment disturbs the address and swing of the player and causes strain.

Adjusted Cuboid Wins Game

IT'S the little foxes that spoil the vines—slight slips in bones of feet, ribs or vertebrae may lose the game for us.

A horseshoe nail, or the lack of it, once lost a battle—a slipped cuboid nearly lost a game. The best batter of the team had just received a severe foot sprain but the doctor in charge, knowing what usually happens in such cases, made a quick examination of the foot—specific adjustment was administered, with a bit of tape for protection and support, and the batter was at the plate with a homer, which saved the day for the team.

Cuboid is the name of one of the smaller bones of the foot. It often slips out of place in a bad foot twist.

Such a sprain means a weakened foot. We examine our machines after an unusual jolt or accident. With body mechanism it is even more important. One little bone slightly out of line may disturb the whole superstructure and lose the goal.

The Hospital Fad

THREE days in bed with a careful treatment each day with a nurse in charge, has saved many a case of near break.

The overworked machinery just needed a little chance to rest and cool off, adjust itself and build up some safe reserve.

Ten days in a hospital may be more in keeping with your need.

It is never considered a waste of time or money to run your car into your mechanic's shop and have the whole works gone over, examined, as a complete overhauling.

Don't feel that you must have an operation or something because you go to a hospital. You will probably avoid one by going in time. Go there to rest, relax and get away from everybody and everything. Go there to enjoy yourself and come out feeling a million and then some.

Let it be one of your fads to ring up your physician, ask for your favorite room and nurse—or maybe a ward room is still better as well as less expensive. Dr. Mayo tells us many of his patients—even operative cases—do better in the wards.

Some day soon, hospitals and sanitariums will be run on the chain store plan which will popularize prices—then we can all put our little fads to work.

Look Out for Those Little Feet

THEY will keep right on growing night and day. Let them grow. Nature knows what she is doing. We are not living in old China. A short shoe or stocking can damage any sized foot. What are more beautiful than babies' feet or grown feet, if Nature has had her way with them? Happy face, feet and disposition are close kin, make a winning trio; and feet are basic factors.

Nature is an artistic creator and has been featuring feet for millions of years. She only hands you a few corns, callouses or bunions as gentle hints or reminders, and as protective measures when you have not been playing square with your fundamentals.

If feet interest you, give them a little consideration; give them exercise and air, release them from their prisons before they have cause for complaint—and remember, shoes were made for feet, not feet for shoes, and that feet can be made comfortable.

Billy Boy

"HAVE your children had measles yet?" How fortunate that we have gotten over the old notion that children must have that standard neighborhood list of children's diseases.

"Billy might just as well have 'em now and be over it," but too often little Billy has some sort of hang-over results, or one or more really serious ailments.

Instead of exposing little Billy, we keep him away

from ill children. Build up his vigor and resistance by plenty of outdoors and the right sort of food combinations, and he will be in little danger of contagion.

Now, every little while, Billy is taken to the family doctor for his "once over," for Billy is getting to be a lively lad and has his full quota of jolts and falls which may sometimes throw the sturdy, growing body machine a bit askew. Billy in order and o.k.'d, makes him less subject to contagious diseases.

Colds are all too common with children, but Billy kept fit seldom has one, and if he does he is looked after at once and the cold skidoos as it should.

And what's good for these little growing Billy boys or Nancy girls is just as good for big Billies and Nancies.

Come Ye Apart and Rest Awhile, Come Loaf and Invite Your Soul

TO the prisoners in the canyons of city streets, half flooded with carbon monoxide and soot. Come away to these wide open spaces and rolling fields. Come where the houses never grow more than two or three lifts high, where you can hello to Mary and Ned across Main street, sit down on the corner steps of the court house and eat a big bag of peanuts with an old friend, or pick a few red June apples in the orchard over the way. Come away where you can get a vision of unblurred stars, sunsets and the dawn, wooded hillsides and cow pastures, and the healing sense of leisure and calm.

Sleep—Nature's Best Restorer

THE rising generation is retiring about the time the retiring generation is rising, we are told.

Sleep is one factor all must have. Can't rob old Mother Nature and get far with it. She checks up and presents her bills frequently. Sometimes it becomes a mortgage that comes in for collection just when we thought we could not be disturbed.

Something wrong when one has to force himself to keep awake on the job. Maybe the whole correction lies with one's self.

Transition

Wholesome as dawn;
Radiant as Springtime;
Generous as fatherhood;
Strong as the sun;
Fearless as fire;
Gentle as twilight;
Humor like ripple of waters;
Instinct with truth;
In science exact;
Cheering as sunlight
Peering through cloud.
Friend of the favored—
No less of the scorned.
Buoyant with hope,
Honored and loved.

* * *

Now comes eventide,
And stately redwoods silent stand
'Gainst the gleaming sky.
Cedars lift their reverent arms
At passing of the man.

While every tiny bush and flower
And every autumn leaf and child
Is redolent with love
That mirrored in those kindly searching eyes
That early Sabbath morn.

Rising with troubled face, the moon
Through darkening shadows searches—searches.
Tomorrow's sun and all he loved
Will miss him on their rounds.

But list! A skylark flings from vibrant heights
A requiem? No, a melody that rings and sings,
As onward wings a soaring spirit
Through life's triumphant arch.

Heroic soul returns
From earth's long lease.
Tonight, methinks we see
Another star gleam through the mist.

In memory of a friend.

A Friendly Universe Fighting for You

ROBERT MILLIKAN has just told us about the beneficent atoms that absorb and destroy the dangerous "cosmic rays" that "bombard this earth at all times."

Beneficent atoms above our heads, diligent earthworms chemicalizing the soil beneath our feet.

The phagocytes in our blood and lymph channels, alert and fighting for us, destroying bacteria and a host of germs; adrenalin trypsin, and like internal secretions perking up and harmonizing.

All this that we do know with perhaps greater facts we don't know, makes us feel in the words of another "if this country isn't all right, where are you going to move to?"

The Challenge of Nature

SNOWSTORM, rainstorm, the swirling, biting sleet, the beating rain, a windswept night, the dare of a dashing sou'-wester or challenging stars—these make no appeal to the timid.

To those alive with the spirit of youth nothing is more alluring than a challenge for a real joust with the wind and rigorous weather. It is a complimentary challenge Mother Nature pays the discerning.

Strike hands with March winds and April showers! What's a bit of pelting, drenching, when Spring's abroad with laughter?

Make the venture and come back with a thrill no li'l party can give or duplicate; a freedom and gayety

no cocktail can match—all of which may be very wonderful to some.

Nature's own tonics, wind and wave, storm and sunshine, have a way of stimulating that leaves no ashes in the heart when morning dawns.

Nature coaxes and dares, calling with flashes and thunders. Original in all her work, she designs grasses and gardens, landscapes and skies, and yet, like dumb, driven cattle, facing the ground, we move along hard-beaten paths with blinded eyes and deaf ears.

"When Spring comes laughing o'er the hills" and every common bush is tremulous with life, let us entreat with R. L. S.:

> If I have faltered more or less
> In my great task of happiness;
> If I have moved among my race
> And shown no shining morning face;
> If beams from happy human eyes
> Have moved me not; if morning skies
> Books and my food, and summer rain
> Knocked on my sullen heart in vain—
> Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
> And stab my spirit broad awake.

Humility and the Scientific Mind

HUMILITY comes, not from a sense of self-depreciation, but a fine consciousness of the greater excellencies, untouched and unrealized, toward which one aspires. Search to the heart of the great man and you touch humility. If you fail to find it, know that the surface is show and tinsel.

The haughty man is the blinded man. He hasn't seen the flaming autumn bush or he would take off his shoes. To him a Turner sunset is only a blotch of color; a yellow primrose, nothing more. Nor has he sensed the structural wonder and function of the human body, the physiological responses, the cell and nerve reactions.

Most of us comport ourselves with a fair degree of grace and wisdom, while struggling through the morass of difficulties that impede the way; but too often the brilliant lights of a meager achievement blind our eyes to human need and deafen our ears to human appeal; we lose our sense of values and proportion, and the spirit, instead of continuing its eager quest, reacts upon itself. It loses its resiliency, assumes a silly haughtiness and remains but a shell of what it has been, the tragic suggestion of what it might have been.

Praise, censure or petty contentions do not concern the Millikans, who are stripping electrons from atoms and weighing worlds; or the Michelsons with their study of light waves; or the astronomers who are discovering new universes in the heavens, myriad of galaxies of stars, and our solar system but a speck in one of them. Newton and Kelvin declared they were but children with their little buckets and spades, beside the sea of infinity.

It is far vision and large understanding that make men thrill with aspiration and work with reverence. Humility is ever the mark of greatness—a dominating factor in the scientific mind—the inside of grandeur.

War—Disease—Famine

SINCE 1914, we are told, these three enemies of mankind have taken a toll of 60,000,000 lives. Of these 15,000,000 have been claimed by civil and international strife, 40,000,000 lost through epidemics and disease, and 5,000,000 through famine and starvation.

The interesting thing about this is that science and sense are able, in a large measure, to conquer all three of these enemies. Every individual is a factor in this fight against the enemies of mankind.

By far the greatest of these enemies is disease. It has claimed twice the number of lives lost through war and famine. This is where education, understanding and awakened thinking must unitedly and continuously work to force this master enemy back. They must make life safer for humanity, safer for the nearly 2,000,000 babies that are born into this country alone every year, safer for the mothers who bear them and rear them.

What a pity our country does not head the list in conservation of human life at its source.

The problem is not too difficult—science is simplifying it and good sense must stand ready to apply the remedies that are within reach.

'Tis men whose feet have gripped the soil
Through dreary stretches of the plain,
Whose minds oft play among the clouds,
And bring the lightnings down again.

Did You Ever Note?

THAT the man who is controlled more by principle than by "popularity" may seem to go down to defeat, but in time wins.

That many hospitals have a way of being run in the interest and for the convenience of the doctors, nurses and chefs, rather than the patients.

That what a man has done unselfishly for his community, his country and the world is the measure of the man.

That the busiest men are the fellows you can count on most for clinics and hospital support, organized help or any other real need.

That the big man isn't concerned though his house of cards falls, if a better way is found.

That the more men have suffered, the more readily can they understand and forgive.

That most nations and men at some time in their evolution try to dominate some weaker nation or man.

That folks who peeve easily are usually sick or something, and should never be taken too seriously.

That in spite of our modern orthodoxy we may need to keep some sort of Hades in a convenient place just to send folks to who don't agree with us.

That there is plenty of credit and glory to go all the way round, if we will just be patient and not try to grab our share first.

That calling names and dealing in personalities is the refuge of the weak and impoverished.

That the man who will take advantage when power

is with him emits the loudest whines when the tables turn.

That a poor loser is a poor sport wherever you jostle him. That a lot of folks haven't courage to live up to their convictions.

That fickle folk can't always guess the way the mob may be milling, so they keep themselves in a mell of a hess.

That when the critics howl loudest is a good time to keep hands to the plow and drive some straight furrows.

That by the time you have crossed the field a few times, these same self-appointed egoists are like tumble weeds lined up by the fence or by some stone wall, hoping someone will shoot 'em.

That the old ox cart of truth has been rumbling along for a good many eons, and what you or I or anybody else does or doesn't do isn't going to delay it very long or tumble it over.

That we can each put a few rocks in the way of truth, or we can clear the path and speed it on.

That the worst never happens.

That the old world isn't yet overcharged with vision, understanding or consecration.

That good will and tolerance have not yet glutted the market, and if any one is looking for a main chance, here is a place to kick in.

SET more body mechanics on this crime wave, more health experts, and there will be fewer police calls and less highbindery in low and high places.

Premature Celebration

THAT liquor is largely responsible for the shortage of leaders in industry and commerce in the United States is the opinion of Henry Ford, according to the Chicago Daily News. Mr. Ford goes on to say that, "We business men endorse prohibition because we want to keep the working man sober for a source of profit. Well, I could never figure out who best could enjoy the profits of sobriety except the sober man." He believes that it is more important that managers should refrain from drinking than the working man, for why should our successful men take steps to destroy themselves the very moment their real usefulness is about to begin by taking the champagne route? Then he declares, "The celebration is premature." They have done little yet except for themselves. If he stops there he has been equipped in vain and is a failure.

There is no failure so great as that of the man who raises himself to the place where he has a chance to do something of real worth for his place and time, and then fails to do it.

"And that is what booze does to the business man. It throttles him just as he is ready to start on the second lap of the race. I am against booze for what it has done and is doing to keep us short of leaders."

One Noon Hour

ONE hurried noon hour, in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, we happened to pass a fair-sized hall filled to the last chair with what proved to be business and professional men and women. These people had come to spend a quiet, restful hour in this ante-chamber of the hotel, an hour which, if taken oftener, might save many a one in many a crisis.

We learned afterward that this noon meeting was held every day except Sunday. On a card were some simple formulas relating to health, abundance, protection, devotion—nothing new, but truths as old and familiar and as everlasting as the hills, yet a new emphasis was placed on them. Flowers of truth often grow in unexpected places.

"Grow Old Along With Me The Best is Yet to Be!"

"HIS eye was not dimmed nor his natural force abated." This is the way Moses rounded out his six scores of busy useful years. As Sir Lauder Brunton says: "No doubt some men outlive their usefulness, but many die just when they are at their best, just when they have accumulated stores of wisdom and have learned both what to do and how to do it."

Moses was an active student all his days. He studied, he commanded, he labored with mind and hands, not for himself, but for the people whom he loved. Moses' hygiene and sanitary regulations, like his laws, are still many of them models of wisdom.

Less Surgery

SURGERY is imperative in certain cases but there is often a better, safer way of caring for many conditions that go to hospitals for operation.

Conservation of tissue is the thought that obtains in all honest-minded physicians. An incurable tooth or tonsil should come out. But if a part or organ can be made efficient why eliminate it quicker than you would a sore, infected finger? Tonsils and teeth and gall ducts and so on through the list of detachable oppendages have purposes of their own in relation to the body economy.

Proper diet alone has cured many cases, right eating with osteopathy will work wonders in curing a host of individuals.

After any accident all parts of the anatomy should be specifically examined to see that there is no trouble. Slight structural disturbances often give trouble later. Surgery where surgery is indicated, but too often little good and often harm follows.

At a congress of surgeons, one of their leaders remarked: "Any fool can operate, but it takes a real surgeon to save us from operation."

IN the United States and Canada there are over two and a half million people between seventy and eighty years of age; over six hundred thousand between the ages of eighty and ninety; more than fifty thousand between ninety and one hundred, and five thousand past the century mark.

Open Spaces

WHAT a chance this Autumn time to stretch out the narrow congested area of your busy life and make it flame forth with color and richness.

At high noon or dawn or midnight slip out into the great spaces alone and just listen and listen. To eager listeners Mother Nature whispers her secrets—secrets with more health and healing in them than have all the drugs in the national pharmacopeia. Have a fling with Mother Nature—flirt with her flaming beauties—they shimmer and dance on every lake and hillside—her cooling breath, rich in rare perfume, will stroke your brow—there is balm in her songs to soothe. . . .

Then rested—hit up the high trail with her; find the unused paths that lead through wooded wonders by marsh and fen. Trust her. She is a good chaperon. Her arms will hold you close till you feel quickening thrills of life. Through your whole being she renews strength and restores the soul. She has a holy of holies you may never have entered. Safe home will she bring you with the sparkle of youth in your eye, buoyant spirit, and withal no unholy taste on the tongue or in the conscience when dawn breaks on the morrow.

Every Baby

YES, every one should be carefully examined very shortly after birth to determine whether any of the tender bones were twisted ever so slightly at time of delivery. These twists are sometimes unavoidable and parts of the body are weakened for life unless carefully examined and brought back to normal.

Pigs and People

FIVE years ago a little boy bought a pure bred pig. This female pig has added 100 little pigs to the earth's porcine population. The boy writes: "She paid for my clothes, three years in high school and gave me spending money also. I am now in my second year in college and she is still doing well."

In commenting on this porcine achievement a noted editor declares that the proud parents of 100 little pigs in five years never smoked cigarettes or drank cocktails, and did not set the example of bootleg law-breaking and contempt for the Constitution.

And we agree heartily, but it is not simply these specific things alone that do the damage; it is the thinking that goes with them, or lack of thought and discipline; the physical and mental depression; it is the pull downward, the thinking downward; it means the cultivating of those ways and tastes that bar one from seeing beauty and make one callous to the finer aspects of real things.

"Good Looks"

A favorite limerick of Woodrow Wilson was this:

> For beauty I am not a star,
> There are others more handsome by far,
> But my face I don't mind it,
> For I am behind it,
> 'Tis the folks in front that I jar.

Some are born with good looks, some achieve them, and others wouldn't look right if they had them, but

nevertheless they have in their faces something good to look upon. Would anyone smooth out that fascinating undulating landscape that makes up the inspiring face of our Lincoln?

Health gives poise, vigor, illumination. A little toe may be able to spoil the whole picture. The body a little out of sorts has often done it. All the frills and powders of seven drug stores and thirteen beauty parlors can't give you good looks if you aren't playing square with yourself and the world, or don't keep your body true to the last organ and nerve, bone and ligament. It's like education; you might be exposed to it through all the vulnerable years of youth, but it won't take until there is a straightening up at headquarters. To be fine and fit, to have good looks, beauty and carriage, there must be an approach to body normalcy.

'Tis Well to Pray

Pray thou for light on life's dim path,
But find the answer in thy opening eyes.
Pray for wisdom's word to guide;
Thy own illumined mind must answer be
For strength and skill to meet the task.
Apply thy own right hand without delay,
Then ask and seek and earnestly aspire.
Thy well provisioned soul will answer thee
And in the skill of brain and hand
Work out the answers grand.

A Way of Nature

IT was always true. Nature's laws are inexorable. Emerson simply reaffirmed it when he said, "If the gatherer gathers too much, Nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest; swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions."

The avaricious gathered more manna than was their need and it spoiled on their hands and poisoned the consumers. Unlawful advantage, greed, profiteering, or racketeering from the time of Moses onward was never a safe or profitable game to the operator. Nature humors and the estate swells, but soon or late a chill finds the heart of the owner.

About the finest tribute paid Colonel Lindbergh was at the University of Wisconsin when President Glenn Frank is presenting the hero with a degree said, "He refused to capitalize the affectionate plaudits of a planet for personal advantage."

Factors That Concern Your Health

DOES your back ache?

Posture may cause it.

Nerve strain may bring it on.

A bit of irregularity, particularly in the hip bones, is a most common cause for low back pain.

A fall or twist or awkward lift often causes the slip that brings on the "misery."

There are other causes.

Your physician will diagnose, find the cause and correct it.

Does your head ache?

Depends where the pain is and nature of pain.

Often a reflex from stomach, bowels or elsewhere.

May be a complex.

May be a sinus or eye condition.

Whatever the cause, drugs, even those most commonly used, are at most only palliative and often dangerous.

As with any ache, the first thing to do is to find the predisposing factor. If it is a chronic ache there may be need of a complete change of dietetic conditions. It is possible the patient may need rest, need a change of environment, may not be getting enough sleep.

Your physician will search to find the cause and remove that condition, but in the meantime he will work to relieve the stress and pain, the debilitating ache.

Most headaches may be relieved.

Specific care, easily and gently applied. Many a breakdown has been averted, many a man kept on his job, because he took a little time to have these trifling disturbances, as they are sometimes called, put right. Find out about it. Perhaps the correction depends on yourself. Neglect breeds trouble.

Censorious Supervision in Small Things

NO one seems wholly free from it. Little children in the home with over solicitous mothers perhaps suffer the most. Dominated, possessed, censoriously supervised till there is little they can do or be naturally. What nature calls for is a fine understanding and sympathy, a little guidance and then a general letting alone. Old Mother Nature would grow more children of wonder and beauty with creative power if she had half a chance, if less meddlesome supervision in small matters.

Sleep, Baby, Sleep

LET the baby sleep twenty hours out of the twenty-four the first months, if he will; he knows what he's up to and if normal will manage his own sleep program. Sleeping was what he was doing most of the previous months, so "leave him lay." There is no need to rush him into the bright footlights. Enough of that for him to withstand later. He is trying now to store up and get ready for those future days with a bit of self-defense against a jazz-made world.

He can sleep better in a dark, well-ventilated room that gets enough sun through the day.

Give the child enough natural food in small allotments. A mother's hand gently tapping the little back for a few moments has always helped a restless baby and given it the assurance it needs in its own little bed.

Nurse Your Baby if You Can

NOT from old-fashioned sentiment but for sound health reasons. Nature's ways are always best and safest, and Nature planned that every infant and most animals should get their food in some such fashion.

In Chicago, recently, provision was made whereby little babies can be provided with Nature's own natural nourishment from "human milk dairies." There are sometimes good reasons why a mother is unable to nurse her baby and then the best substitutes possible must be secured—goats' milk, cows' milk—and when these fail to agree they can be safely modified with some one of the high-class standard milk preparations. But nurse the baby if you can. Your baby is worth it, and Nature has a way of compensating that is most happy and fortunate.

The reward is not alone a better baby. The latest word is that full time nursing of baby insures the mother from tendency to lumps and other serious breast trouble. Cutting short Nature's schedule may disturb.

Courtesy and Caution

WHEN more than one-third of more than twenty-seven thousand who were killed by autos last year were children, we may well stay our haste at any point to consider courtesy and caution with relation to these little people.

Mr. G. J. Schink, Director of Traffic of Detroit, makes an appeal to lower the death list of children, as follows:

> When I am driving on a street
> Where little folk I'm apt to meet,
> Who dash across the street in play—
> I hope I'll drive in just the way
> That I would drive if mine were there
> Upon that crowded thoroughfare.

Last winter a Lions Club went before a city council asking that a certain street be roped off to make it safer for children sliding down hill. Instead of instant action, the matter was laid on the table. The next week a sled collided with an automobile and two boys were killed, one a son of a city councilman. Now morning and evening streets about schools are roped off till children pass.

"Close Kin to the Apes if You Sulk," Says Trader Horn

SPEAKING of the apes and like tribes of near-humans which he has observed and studied, Trader Horn says: "They're rare ones for the sulks. If any philosopher were to give it thought he'd see there's nothing brings us closer akin to the apes than the tantrums we get into." And then he tells us of slave trading that is still practiced in some African countries.

The Older Men Making Good

A FEW years ago one of the greatest business concerns of Chicago determined to see in how many places they could use to advantage alert men around sixty or seventy years and beyond.

Some of these positions were held by youth and the change has been in every way satisfactory.

One of their most prized and efficient men today is a man past eighty, who fits into his job with a relish. To this old boy his job has been a life and health boon.

Young or old, get a job, the best you can find, study and make the most of it.

Many real achievements come late in life—forget disappointments and plug away.

Lincoln at fifty was a country lawyer, defeated for senator.

Ford in his thirties was a tinkering engineer with a mechanical device that apparently would not work.

These men did not nor would not recognize defeat, but treated disaster as if it had never happened.

DON'T shout at children when they fail to get an idea. It only bewilders their mentality and may injure for life. Patience and self-control, sympathy and understanding are needed. We expect a child to see from our viewpoint with our mature, experienced years. It can't be done. The man is cruel and stupid who can't see this. What a lot of us fathers, and mothers, must plead guilty.

Wild Acres

Conquered range,
Massed fields—rich yellowing grain,
My lithe-limbed youth helped tame
These, my once wild acres:
Corralled scattering herds,
Cleared from their border daring beasts,
Beat back leaping tongues of prairie fire,
Turned the angy flood,
Tamed and subdued the stubborn sod,
Engrafted in its rude breast the gentler seed,
Battled wild-rooted terrors
Of the timid grain,
Cast out foreign thistled things,
That o'ernight crept in
With threat to throttle kale and corn.
Here all unknown
I wrought with God;
Heads, hands, feet and heart,
With patient breast,
Westward pushed the wilderness.
God made these pregnant acres;
Man taught these plains to yield
The richer fruitage.
He sent refreshing rain,
Warm fructifying sun,
Quickening with rapture
The pulse of earth,
While very soul of me stood guard
Through dense darkness of silent nights.
Sometimes there came the damning storm

That rent and bruised the helpless wheat;
Or hell of hail that flayed—
Or heat that withered
The hope-filled crops.
Then from out the heavens
Clouds of hungry flyers . . .
And from the soil creeping cutters—sappers blight . . .
Until in all the care-tilled fields
There seemed no more a place
For Man, or Beast or Hope.

Prone I've thrown myself
On earth's hard beaten breast
And wept o'er the uneven fight . . .
Then as my ear lay close,
I'd list the earth's heart throb,
And catch the whispered challenge:
"Have faith, you have but ruffed my surface, faint of heart,
The golden fruitage deeper lieth yet, dig on.
The lonely angleworm beneath
Still chews and grinds the stubborn soil to give
A better chemistry for grain and fruit."

* * *

And soon forgot were all
The locust years and canker worm,
The scars where wild grass
Sawed the flesh of limb,
And hot stones bruised and burned the feet—
Or cutting winter winds
And shrill night cry of hungry wolf
Upon white frozen cliffs.

Then through the maze of low-borne mist
That nestled close to the weathered shack,
Hope sprang, caught up the flame,
And faith visioned forth
On these dumb dead acres,
Full laden plains at harvest time.
Orchards bending, meadows waving,
Pastures filled with kine,
Wide open-windowed homes,
Where gay growing childhood
Played with budding flowers about.

Today my dreams—
My hopes fulfilled,
Tho' a score of flinty years between . . .
'Twas here that youth with test was tempered
To stand the sterner stress of fate,
The future years searched out
In mind and muscle.
You, my once wild acres were
Then the all-determining
Training sward
That gave the embattled spirit strength
To meet and thrust aside
The black benumbing subtleties
That often sway and warp oncoming years.
My eager heart would pause
In gratitude for all.

Then again some distant day,
With other battles fought
I'll gather thoughts and limbs

And wander back to these once wild winsome plains,
Or in the midst of some full day
I'll hear these acres calling, calling me
With wild bird note and scent of new mown hay,
Till straight I post my "out" sign
On the door,
And back to thine own sweet clovered breast
And shade of tree
I'll come to pause and brood again.
Back, where once the untamed heavens
Vied with cloven hoof-marked earth;
Where first I learned to pit my
Untaught strength in winning
From these nude wild acres
What they longed to give;
Back where hope of Spring buoyed and escaped
Through Winter's frosty bars
Only to be caught again.

Then I'll hear these sweet proud acres whisper
"'Tis enough—
You helped to conquer this wild range,
These flowering swaying fields of gold
You had far eyes to see.
Hail! Welcome home to these your acres."

Back to dream and fight again;
Back to my winsome fields;
Back to thee, my once wild acres,
To thee, my great first love,
Back to thee, O fields!
To thee, and God.

A Thing of Beauty

CHERISH the body as earth's greatest physical asset. Let love and joy radiate from it. Make it and keep it beautiful and wholesome throughout. Give it reverence and care, for it is a sanctuary of the spirit and no part or function should be desecrated or despised.

Know the marvels of its anatomy and the yet more fascinating study of its physiology.

To teach boys and girls early a right understanding of the body makes for health, wholesomeness and reverence. Learning the why and wherefore of body care, the blood and its circulation as seen through the web of a frog's foot, how and where these little blood cells are made, why and where they are going, what these cells may be carrying, what happens if disturbed.

Let these young minds understand spirit is more than body, yet closely related. That a cheerful heart causes good healing, but a broken spirit drieth up the bones. Think of the body physically perfect and beautiful. Use plenty of good common sense in all physical activities, relishing every normal appetite and privilege to the full, but nothing in excess.

A few complete negations are not to be despised. Early discipline has its rich reward through the years.

Anxiety about the body—never. Let your physician carry your worries, if you must worry.

The mansion of the soul is this body, a sensing, thinking, interpreting center, a medium for contacting love, beauty and work, a thing of beauty—a joy forever.

Influenza Prevention

INFLUENZA can be cured, but it's much easier to prevent it than to cure it.

If it does attack you, it's much easier for the doctor to handle it if you live right. So start today to keep it away.

Think, work and smile; then rest awhile. You must not get overtired.

Patronize the sunshine and the open air. Insist on sensible ventilation day and night.

Avoid drafts, wet feet and radical changes in the amount of clothing.

Get plenty of sleep; eat enough simple, nourishing food, but not too much.

Wash your hands frequently. Then keep your fingers off your face. Don't shake hands often, and avoid "lip greetings."

Bathe freely. Take two or three warm baths a week. Start the day with a cold shower and brisk exercise.

Drink water with some lemon or orange juice, and if there is any doubt about the bowels being in good condition, take an enema.

Keep plenty of generous handkerchiefs handy and dodge the cougher, the sneezer and the sniffler.

Help to educate your own community to the point where all children, and others with colds or other kinds of sickness, stay away from the public places as much as possible.

When the body machine is kept in structural order, there is less tendency to contract disease. Physical

adjustment is fundamental. It releases Nature's forces and gives the body its full fighting chance.

Hence it is well to have a thorough physical examination at regular intervals, with adjustment of whatever may be wrong. When influenza is prevalent this is even more important.

A long search for a specific drug or serum for flu, or pneumonia, has so far brought no satisfactory results. Blood is, and always has been, the best, surest and safest germicide. Flu and pneumonia mean congestion, blocking of the circulation and disturbed nerve and blood supply.

The reasonable thing to do is to find where the trouble lies, normalize the circulation, free and stimulate the nerve control and so help the body forces fight and overcome these dread diseases.

Osteopathic measures seldom fail, because they depend upon Nature's defensive and reparative forces.

As suggested before, don't worry but keep smiling. Still, if you get the fever and the head cold and the ache, go to bed at once and call the physician. If he cannot give you immediate attention, remember these simple rules:

Take an enema, then keep quiet, keep warm; eat nothing.

Then later, when the doctor tells you not to eat until twenty-four hours after the fever leaves, listen to him. Don't eat.

When he tells you to stay in bed two or three days after you begin to eat, stay there. The poison of the influenza germ seems to have a special liking for peo-

ple's hearts, and too many influenza deaths have come from hearts that were taxed just a little bit too soon after the fever went down.

A stitch in time, a correction in time, a right attitude of mind, may save the doctor a lot of work and save the patient pain, expense and worry.

Children are most responsive to osteopathic care.

Many an infant and growing child has been saved by early resort to Nature's Way to Health.

Better be safe than sorry. Besides, it's a lot more fun keeping fit.

No Place Like Home

MID pleasures and palaces the average American may roam with comparative safety, but when it comes to spraining his joints or breaking his bones, there is no place like home. This is the sort of picture that is held up before delegates at the annual safety congress.

About 48,000 suffered fatal home and industrial accidents last year, with the loss equally divided between both groups, only the motor vehicle fatalities of 28,500 exceeded them. Forty per cent of bone injuries came from falls on stairs, uneven floors, rugs, getting in and out of bed, in the bathtub, chairs, tables, benches, lamps and ladders. One out of every six hurt in home accidents suffers because of broken glass or instruments. One in sixteen gets burned or scalded. Others are injured by animals or insects.

The important fact brought out at this gathering from carefully tabulated data and observations through the years was that 75% of all accidents are preventable. One report was noted where 88% reduction in accidents was achieved within five months among one thousand employees. The Chicago post office, by traffic laws and regulations, was able to reduce claims for automobile accidents forty-one per cent in two years. Nearly all automobile accidents are caused by failure of the driver to observe some law, rule or regulation, or it was traced to liquor imbibing by motormen or often by pedestrian.

Perhaps it is true that the jail and hospital are the only safe places, but we are not always sure of them and now it seems that even staying home o' nights is risky.

SENSE the bigger thing you are to do;
See it in the clouds;
Hear it in the grass;
Catch the oncoming tread of its feet in the watches of the night.

It shall be born in you and you shall give it forth.

A vision that shall light the path, point the way, a word that shall wing and sing, that shall stay the heart and feed the hungry and heal the helpless.

We dare not break faith with our potential selves—the heart of us.

All things are ours and all is possible.

Shall We Clean the Slate?

WILL you stop for a moment to think what it would mean to wipe the slate clean—clean of malice, clean of prejudice, clean of old grudges, old fears and all?

The governments and business of the world are founded on faith in folks. Those two billion dollars of gold bars so carefully guarded in that New York City vault sixty feet below surface help some, but it's trust and confidence and good will that make the wheels go round.

The Perfidious God

The simple life doth naught avail,
An altered shrine we now address,
In war we call it victory;
In traffic blazoned as success.

It matters not the ruthless waste,
Or Mars or Croesus at the helm,
Goaded by relentless greed,
Death and Ruin stalk the realm.

But on we surge efficiently;
We feed the mills with humankind,
Producer naught—the product all,
Their blood will rust the wheels that grind.

For men are more than millions gained,
And children more than chattels chained.

I Know Something Good About You

SUCH a lot of folks know such a lot of things that cannot be classed as good about other folks, that when one finds a little story with the title, "I Know Something Good About You," there comes a sense of relief. Even with the worst of us, can't you find one good point—then try making up something good and tell that.

If you have a friend worth loving, love him,
Yes, and tell him that you love him
Ere Life's evening tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words not be said of a friend till he is dead?

Elbert Hubbard often said, "It is not worth while to explain or contradict for these people would not believe it anyway, and (thank heaven) your friends need no explanation."

Twilight Vision

I pause by the open spaces
At the close of a toilsome day,
To list and muse, awaiting
Some gleam to light the way.

The day with its cares opprest me
And weary I come to its close,
But this quiet sense of stillness
Brings to my heart repose.

And here in the darkening twilight
So gently stealing away,
There come to my troubled spirit
Visions of brighter day.

A day when all Earth's problems
That vex and distress me so,
Shall find a clear solution
Better than I can know.

A day when all my struggle
To do and be the best,
Not in vain I'll see was bringing
A harvest rich, and rest.

And, oh, I trust that vision,
For to me it seemed to say
Back of it all—The Master;
Fear not, He leads the way.

So oft in the quiet twilight
When the long Day's work is done,
Waiting, my heart grows stronger
And the larger Life's begun.

Little Faces

Little faces at the window pane
Looking 'cross the way,
Little faces questioning
What's the sort of day.

Sun is hid and clouds are dark,
Can't go out to play,
Yet little faces all aglow
For folks 'cross the way.

Faces gay and faces sad
Traveling earth's highway,
Faces oft awondering
What has life to say.

Suns oft hid and clouds trail low,
Hard to find the way,
Little faces brightly smile
For folks along the way.

Getting the Fun Out of Life

WHEN Helen Wills stepped off the platform in Chicago for a few minutes before wending her way across the sea, she answered reporters' questions by saying, "Anyway, I am getting a lot of fun out of life. I am thrilled that I shall have the privilege of meeting some new opponents on some new courts in Europe. I am thrilled that I shall have the opportunity of being presented to royalty. I am thrilled that

I am not only taking twenty rackets, but that I am taking forty pictures and will have the privilege of having a one-man exhibit in London, and more than all I am thrilled to know that I am engaged and expect to be married."

Edison in his eighty-third year declares, "The greatest fun is reaching into the unknown and bringing out new ideas and working them into new inventions."

Michelson, the great physicist, working on when he was supposed to have quit a few years ago, declared, "I'm doing this just for the pure fun and love of it."

Youth and age alike find thrills that reach the stars, thrills in everyday tasks, thrills in meditation, in study, in thinking, in creating.

Just Lonesome for You

Grasses, trees, buds and bloom,
Waiting, longing, lonesome for you;
Friendships close with growing things
Cool, clear, pulsing, greening things
Calling hearts and hands and feet—
Looking lonesome, just for you.

Gold in pillared hearts of roses
Waiting for your own discovery;
Fragrant breaths of wooing zephyrs,
Symphonies that soothe and heal you;
Grasses, waves and clouds intriguing,
Longing, lingering, lonesome—
Just lonesome for you.

Read and Brood

FORTUNATE he, whatever his business or profession, if he has some outside interest, some hobby or avocation to which he may turn from arduous labors of his calling. Besides being a life saver, this avocation may some day become the vocation that gives a man unique value to his time. Reading, for instance.

"Proportion an hour's meditation," says Bacon, "to an hour's reading of a standard author." It's this extra hour of brooding that makes the author's thought your own.

When Lord Kelvin was asked about his wonderful work and his methods, his answer was, "I have made it a habit in the study of any subject to first gather all the facts from every possible source that directly or remotely relate to it, arrange these in simple, clear order before me, and then take time to brood over them, and brood over them, until my mind seems to take a mortal leap into something that I had not known.

I walked into the throng of men
And felt their pulses beating;
I listened to the tramp of feet,
Some forward—some retreating.

I studied every face and eye
With hope or sorrow aching,
And searched to sense the soul of each
What visions there awaking.

The Family Physician

WHEN Woodrow Wilson was traveling through one of the states he was detained by what proved to be only a slight illness. A great variety of physicians, most of them specialists, did not need a second hint that their services might be needed. Soon Mr. Wilson advised his secretary to put off at once before a like group should approach, declaring his favor and preference for the one old-time family physician as against fourteen specialists.

On occasion the specialist must be consulted, the x-ray must picture, the laboratory must sum up the findings, but it is the family physician who watches with heart and mind in the case, the family physician who takes the responsibility, who appraises and understands that which the patient requires. It is easier to confide in one family physician than in fourteen specialists.

More Politics Than Relief

THAT'S what Will Rogers says about a certain relief bill which was before Congress. Maybe Rogers is right. Rogers is one man that we may listen to and read with considerable confidence. He thinks and has opinions and isn't afraid to express those opinions.

A Minority

STEPPING out between the acts at the first production of one of his plays, Bernard Shaw said to the audience: "What do you think of it?" This startled everyone for the moment but presently a man in the pit assembled his scattered wits and cried, "Rotten!"

Shaw made a courtesy and melted the house with one of his Irish smiles. "My friend," he said, shrugging his shoulders and indicating the crowd in front, "I quite agree with you, but what are we two against so many?"

Whither Bound

EARTH'S life, starting somewhere back in the ages when everything was just right and favorable, was a momentous venture. In some soft warm ooze in the reverent stillness of some creative glen, perhaps there the first seed of life was dropped and the earth impregnated. Unhurried, unworried, Nature's motherly hand was gently working, protecting, nourishing that tiniest microscopic speck up through the eons of tissue and cells, tadpoles and fish.

Wherever, whatever, however we do not know, but life and love were there and that was enough to start with. Out and up through storm and struggle, fire and water, terror and triumph, to man—a moving, thinking, creating, questing being. Man pondering, searching, loving, daring and building, yet ever thirsting. Man, thrilled and joyous, delving into the deep, aspiring to the stars and—beyond.

Why fear? The love and wisdom that through the ages led all that rugged way will not desert when the earthly day is done.

That first little tadpole must have sensed some luring wonders on beyond, else why that joyous flick of tail and eager questing toward immortality?

Or some of us may prefer the way Eben Holden put it: "Never swore more'n 'twas necessary; er lied in hoss tradin'; er ketched a fish bigger'n it was. Allus kept my tugs tight. Don't know where I'm goin', er east, er west, er north, er south, er road, er trail, but I ain't afraid."

Heart of My Rose

There's fire in the heart of my rose,
The fervor of life overflows;
But some day they tell me 'twill dim
This fire in the heart of my rose.

There's gold at the heart of my rose,
In that dim guarded temple it glows.
Shall time's changing seasons despoil
This gold in the heart of my rose?

There's love in the heart of my rose,
All else may dissemble, who knows?
With love's flame of gold I'll venture my all—
Love, in the heart of my rose.

A Great Opportunity

TWENTY years' observation as a general practitioner in one center—office, bedside, hospital and clinics, with study of osteopathic physicians working throughout the states and overseas, together with a few years as an osteopathic member of a State medical examining board, should give one a fair evaluation of osteopathy's merit under all sorts of conditions.

Perhaps the best evidence is that now there is a second generation group in our colleges and an increasingly large number of college men and women, many with degrees, who are joining these classes.

After more than fifty years, this new school of health and healing is gaining a standing throughout the world, that is not alone bringing increased patronage, but industry, insurance and big business are finding the new school an economic factor. As a result, eminent laymen are beginning to give these colleges and clinics substantial support and endowment.

The conclusion of the whole matter would seem to be that osteopathy today offers the earnest graduate an exceptional opportunity for service in an uncrowded profession, something worthy of his consideration.

THE right to select your own physician and method of care must ever be inviolate.

The refusal of publicly-supported hospitals to grant privileges to more than one school of doctors with their patients is one of the worst forms of taxation without representation.

In the Affairs of Men

IN the jungle or the jostle of the street, by silent sea or in house-top reverie, we know that spirit with spirit may meet—closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet.

In the mind of man a myriad forces, but like Washington and his group, trying to forge some sort of a declaration, we mill about until some stabilizing word comes from a Franklin; "How is it, sirs, that we have not sought on this momentous occasion the Father of Lights," and soon there was vision, with a document that has never been duplicated.

Lincoln prostrated at our capital, and Garfield's sure words bringing the mob to bay, "God reigns and the government at Washington still lives."

It is these stabilizing forces in the affairs of men that weigh, sway and illuminate—

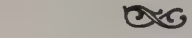
> A sense of law and beauty
> A face turned from the clod.

As essential as breathing and within the reach of every grateful expectant soul.

GREAT souls have a way of putting one at ease. They may not say much, but they have the faculty of bringing out all the fineness within you. You go away feeling released and refreshed. All the pent-up strength and beauty of your spirit has found expression in that favorable, inspiring atmosphere.

To Be Remembered

As a breath from one of those flowering
gardens,
So is a message from a friend.
It doeth good like the springtime,
And rejoiceth the heart
Like a vision of wooded
Hills and fertile valleys.
To be remembered by those we know and
love,
To sense the touch of familiar hands across
the spaces,
Is to send the rootlets of one's being
Toward living waters
And struggling buds into the sunshine.



TIME makes ancient good uncouth, fields unexplored —man in the making—we know not what we shall be. Finis hardly penned before the pages are out of date at some point.

"Science piles miracle on miracle," writes Brisbane. Today's paper tells of a scientist who has discovered and isolated the flu germ.

Swiftly we speed, change, venture, discover, raze, build. The nearer to Nature, the less error. Truth outlasts the centuries. "Aggressive fighting for these truths is the noblest sport that earth affords," declared Roosevelt. Who thinks, works and waits will catch the dawn of yet greater truths, or may even approach the Great Physician's sense and interest in matters of Health and Living.

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